THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 155 SATURDAY · NEW YORK · DECEMBER 12, 1942 NUMBER 24

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Published weekly and copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

ADMIRAL DARLAN HAS PROMOTED HIMSELF from Temporary Expedient to Chief of State. Apparently nothing can be done about this coup d'état because, according to Secretary of State Hull, "there is no time for consideration of politics." Moreover, says Mr. Hull, it is not up to us to choose leaders for the conquered states; when they are freed they can "select their own leaders and forms of government." Is the Secretary implying that "temporary" now means "for the duration"? It would seem so, since France is not likely to be freed short of a German defeat. In that case, if we have not expressly chosen Darlan as leader of the French, we have at any rate elected to give him an overwhelming head start. But for our deliberate choice, Darlan might for the remainder of the war be nothing more than a prisoner of the United Nations. Instead, the day of the armistice will probably find him in command of a large and well-equipped army, which, says the London *Sunday Express*, "will have as its basis men who until now have been training in Pétainist youth camps and are well inculcated with fascist theories." He will have under him a de facto government of Vichy generals which has already been recognized by the American High Command and which, like his army, will grow in strength and prestige with every passing day of cooperation on the part of the United Nations. That is a combination which a prostrate France will either swallow or expunge by civil war. In short, we have already plunged deep into French politics whether or not Mr. Hull thinks we have time for it. You can't escape politics in a political war.

*

DARLAN IS FAR FROM RETICENT ABOUT HIS ambitions. According to a dispatch from Frederick Kuh in *PM*, his self-elevation was accompanied by a note to General Eisenhower suggesting that President Roosevelt reconsider his remarks about the tentativeness of the present arrangement. The United States, he complained, was "treating him like a lemon—squeezing him dry with the intention of casting him away." Having picked a lemon, that would seem to be the logical thing for us to do. General Eisenhower has in fact squeezed to the extent of issuing a second order for the abolition of the Vichy regime's anti-Semitic laws in Algeria and Morocco.

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The first order evidently didn't take. French and Arab fascists in the area protested the order to Darlan, whose spokesman promptly reassured them over the Algiers radio that the Allies would not intervene in the internal affairs of the North African countries. If the Allies don't intervene, they will be deliberately choosing Vichy law in preference to the laws of the Third Republic, of which the North African states are an integral part. The same issue arises in connection with the release of anti-Axis prisoners now held in concentration camps or condemned to forced labor on the trans-Sahara railway. It is by these tests that the conquered peoples of Europe will know whether the Americans are an army of liberation or whether their countries are doomed to some kind of fascism, Hitler or no Hitler.

*

THE DIFFICULTIES NOW BEING MET BY the United Nations forces in Tunisia may be cited as absolute proof of the necessity of the Darlan deal, but they also emphasize its risks from the military point of view. On the one hand, the speed with which the Axis forces have consolidated their positions in the Bizerte-Tunis triangle and the problems of supply which General Eisenhower has to overcome underline the value of the early cessation of fighting between our forces and the French. On the other hand, as General Catroux, Fighting French commander in Syria, has pointed out, the safety of communications between our bases in Morocco and Algeria and the front line depends on Darlan's trustworthiness—a tenuous thread indeed. If Hitler decides to attack through Spain, the Anglo-American expeditionary force will be assailed from east and west while Darlan remains in the middle. General Catroux, who has spent years in North Africa and held several important commands there, referred to the vulnerability of road and rail communications along the North African coast if subjected to guerrilla attacks; and in this connection he pointed to the large number of organized French fascists in North Africa belonging to Laval's Service d'Ordre Legionnaire and Doriot's Popular Party. We have heard of no effort by Darlan to suppress these groups. Meanwhile, heavy fighting continues in the neighborhood of Tebourba, from which the advance guard of General Anderson's First Army has been forced to withdraw. The problem of establishing air bases close enough to the front line for fighters to operate has evidently left the Axis with temporary air superiority. Until that handicap is overcome, our troops may have to remain on the defensive.

*

FRANCO, DEMOCRACY'S PROSPECTIVE ALLY, looks more of an ally in the fine cartoon by Luis Quintanilla printed last week than he does in reality. In the cartoon he flaunted the flags of the United States and Britain. In reality he sends Hitler telegrams of surprising warmth for a man who is supposed to be mobilizing for war against Germany. His message was reported in about an inch of type on page 37 of the New York *Herald Tribune* and similarly or not at all by the other newspapers. It ended with these expressive words, "May your arms triumph in the glorious undertaking of freeing Europe from the Bolshevik terror"—a strange sentiment on the part of a ruler who has been presented as a convert to our side. Again, in a speech on December 8 to the National Council of the Falange, Franco cited Mussolini as "a leader who has given justice to the Italian people"—evidently a counter-thrust to Churchill's recent attack on the badly deflated Duce. Further, parroting Goebbels, he declared that "when the war ends, the old Europe will be dead, with its capitalism, imperialism, and plutocracy." Opinions such as these will be hard for American admirers of Franco to take or explain away. But they do much to complete the series of facts presented in the Political War section of this issue, as well as the report that reaches us at the moment of going to press, according to which all the troops mobilized by Franco since the total occupation of France by Germany have been sent, not to the French-Spanish frontier, where the Nazis have installed themselves, but to Spanish Morocco, close to the areas where our own armies are now operating.

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THE "HATE WILLKIE" REPUBLICANS, IT seems, are going to have to swallow their prejudice and rally to the greatest vote-getter they have had since Calvin Coolidge, just as their Democratic counterparts have for ten years endured Roosevelt though the mere thought gagged them. Wendell Willkie brought the G. O. P. some 22,000,000 votes in 1940, a million more than Hoover won with in 1928. These exciting figures must have danced before the eyes of the national committeemen who met in St. Louis last Monday to elect a new chairman. The anti-Willkie forces had united behind the candidacy of Werner W. Schroeder, an extreme isolationist and a favorite of the Chicago *Tribune*. Schroeder was the one candidate openly opposed by Willkie, but intoxicated by victories in the hapless proceedings of last November 3, the isolationists insisted on forcing the test. Schroeder failed to receive even a plurality on the first ballot, much less a majority, and his backers quickly surrendered. The new chairman is Harrison E. Spangler of Iowa, a compromise candidate of no great promise. Willkie's victory lies not in the election of Spangler but in the defeat of Schroeder, and even more perhaps in the adoption of a war resolution which reaffirmed the declaration forced through the National Republican Committee last April by Willkie over the strenuous objections of Senator Robert A. Taft. Ironically, it was Taft who was selected to offer the resolution at the St. Louis meeting.

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THE NAVY'S REPORT OF PEARL HARBOR makes it abundantly clear why the full story of that incredible disaster could not be told at the time. It even justifies, to some extent, the deliberate distortion of the truth in the reports issued. For if the Japanese had known, as they apparently did not, that all the battleships in the Pacific fleet and practically all the army and navy planes stationed on the islands had been put out of action, they doubtless would have followed up the initial assault with a successful invasion of our great Hawaiian base. If they had known how incompetent our army and navy leaders actually were, they would probably have been encouraged to try a comparable assault on Dutch Harbor and possibly on the Panama Canal. But if they misjudged the situation, the Japanese did succeed in forcing us into a long cautious period of defensive warfare —which they exploited to the fullest. While we were anxiously reinforcing our position at Pearl Harbor, the Japanese took Wake Island and launched their attack on the Philippines and Singapore without opposition from what remained of our Pacific fleet. Our timidity during this period is clearly understandable in view of our losses, but as events turned out, Wake Island at least could have been held. It is a congenital optimist indeed who sees in Pearl Harbor only a missed opportunity for Japan.

*

WE HOPE THE TELEGRAPH-MERGER BILL NOW before Congress will be blocked long enough at least to eliminate the House amendment permitting mergers in the foreign field. The navy successfully opposed this provision in the Senate on the ground that a merger between American and foreign communications systems involved the danger of foreign control. The American Communications Association, which has been fighting the bill, has released information to the press which indicates how genuine is the fear of Axis influence if mergers are permitted. The International Telegraph and Telephone, as the strongest company in the field, is likely to be dominant in any international combine. It has subsidiaries and affiliates in all the Axis and most of the Axis-dominated countries. It regained its Spanish properties when Franco won. It had enough "pull" with both the Nazi government and our own to negotiate a deal for the sale of its Rumanian properties at a time when Rumania was under Hitler's control and Rumanian funds in this country were frozen. Sosthenes Behn, head of the I. T. and T., was the first American big business man to be received at Berchtesgaden in 1933 after Hitler took power. In the British Empire, where a merger of cables and radio was permitted, development of radio was stifled because, as Rear Admiral Hooper said, "radio was going too fast to suit the cable stockowners in London." It would be both unfortunate and ironic if it were held back to suit the wishes of Berlin.

A WELCOME PREVIEW OF THE POST-WAR relations between Canada and the United States is provided in the recent exchange of notes between Secretary Hull and Leighton McCarthy, Canadian Minister in Washington. Both governments agree that tariffs and other trade barriers should be reduced, that all forms of discrimination should be removed from international commerce, and that trade between the two countries should be facilitated in accordance with the principles set forth in the Atlantic Charter. Details for achieving this goal remain to be worked out in negotiations between the two governments, but there seems no doubt that the preliminary agreement marks the end of discrimination against American exports such as had existed under the empire-preference arrangements signed in Ottawa in 1932. The agreement is also significant in that it is expected to serve as a model for a series of inter-American pacts now being worked out as part of our program for promoting hemispheric solidarity. It is specifically stated in the agreement that it is to be "open to participation by all other nations of like mind." It is hard to see, however, how its principles are to be reconciled with the practical procedures outlined in the recent trade treaty between the United States and Brazil, which sets up a rather complicated system of controls. Until this problem is settled, the vague and lofty phrases of the Atlantic Charter will continue to be difficult of interpretation.

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THE *MILITANT*, A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER published by the disciples of the late Leon Trotsky, has been barred from the mails since November 7. So far the postal authorities have refused to explain their action, but it was undoubtedly the paper's opposition to the war as "an imperialist blood bath" that got it into trouble. It might be argued that those who approved the suppression of *Social Justice* should not object to the ban on the Trotskyite journal, but there are important differences. *Social Justice* hindered the war effort not by forthright opposition to it but by the dissemination of pro-Axis propaganda, including anti-Semitism and deliberate lies. However wrong the *Militant* may be, it stands on its own argument and is not pro-German. Its position is more directly comparable to that of the legitimate pacifist groups which the government has wisely ignored.

*

THE PRINCIPLE OF EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL work for men and women has been upheld by the War Labor Board in a ruling allowing employers to make wage or salary adjustments bringing women's pay up to the level now paid to men. From now on women who have been refused the same pay as that given men may appeal to a regional office of the board and obtain an adjustment if they can prove their case. Just how

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effective the ruling will be in equalizing the economic opportunities of men and women remains to be seen. It will be recalled that a similar ruling was made by the War Labor Board in World War I, and while progress has undoubtedly been made in the intervening years there are still comparatively few occupations in which women have attained full equality with men. In Great Britain a comparable issue has arisen in connection with the fixing of rates of compensation for war injuries. Protesting against the payment of a lower rate of compensation for women than men, a minority in the House of Commons, led by its women members, rolled up the largest vote against the government since the formation of the Churchill Cabinet. The government finally promised to set up a committee of inquiry to study the problem and report, if possible, before the Christmas recess. The battle for real equality between the sexes is far from won in either country, but it is encouraging to note that the women have seized and are holding the initiative.

*

MANY OF OUR READERS HAVE EXPRESSED a lively curiosity about the identity of Argus, whose excellent weekly commentary appears in the Political War section. Unhappily we are not at liberty to divulge his real name. We can only say that Argus is the pseudonym of one of Europe's ablest journalists, a man thoroughly familiar with Nazi methods of propaganda and political warfare. We believe his column provides one of the best analyses of the German radio and press published in this country.

The Beveridge Report

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE'S proposals for a system of social security which will provide every Briton with protection from "the cradle to the grave" are not in any sense revolutionary. Based on well-established principles, they form an architectural blueprint for the completion of a structure the foundations of which were laid over thirty years ago. Every British government since, whatever its political complexion, has contributed bricks and mortar to that building, but there are still gaps to be filled in the walls and some new wings to be added.

Nevertheless, if the Beveridge Plan is not revolutionary in itself, it may be considered, perhaps, to mark the completion of a revolution in the social approach to the problems of poverty. It denotes the final overthrow of the Poor Law system; it repudiates the whole conception of pauperism and denies the hoary belief that poverty is both a divine dispensation and a punishable crime; it accepts the principle that society must make itself responsible for the abolition of want and insists that this end is within the means of a modern industrial economy.

There is no need here to repeat the detailed summaries of the Beveridge Plan which have appeared in the daily press. In a radio speech its author described it as three-sided, comprising, first, a scheme of all-in insurance for cash benefits covering the hazards of sickness, accident, and unemployment and providing for old age; second, a general scheme of children's allowances irrespective of whether the responsible parent is earning a living; third, a scheme of medical treatment of every kind for everybody. The contribution of every individual toward the cost of his insurance will take the form of a single weekly premium.

Included in the benefits are special payments to women at marriage and at childbirth and provision for funeral benefits for everyone. The amounts proposed are not large, but they will be sufficient to assure that these vital occasions will not force people into debt. Unemployment and disability benefits and eventually pensions are to be on the same level. The rate, according to Sir William, "is designed to be high enough by itself to provide subsistence and to prevent want in all normal cases, and it will last as long as unemployment or disability lasts without diminishing."

This is a particularly important innovation. At present in Britain an unemployed man with wife and two children receives 38 shillings a week for 26 weeks, after which he must apply to a public-assistance board for a dole, the extent of which depends on a "means test." Under the Beveridge Plan he would receive, taking into account family allowances, 56 shillings a week as long as unemployment lasted, subject only to his reporting regularly at a labor exchange and after a certain period at a retraining center. This provision does much to meet the problem of technological unemployment, and should help to reduce trade-union resistance to labor-saving devices. Men who lose their jobs because their skills have become outmoded or because their factory has been rendered obsolete will know that their families will be provided for while they are assisted to learn a new trade. This emphasis on retraining is an obvious reflection of British war-time experience.

The introduction of allowances for children after the first, whether their parent or parents are employed or unemployed, rich or poor, is perhaps the biggest step forward proposed by Sir William Beveridge. It has to be considered in the light of the rapidly falling birth rate in Britain and the near approach of an absolute decline in population there. There is no doubt that this phenomenon is the direct result of a growing sense of responsibility in parents which induces them to limit their families to the one or two children they will be able to bring up on a satisfactory standard.

The Beveridge Plan, to which, it must be remembered, the government is not committed, is likely to command very widespread popular support of a non-partisan nature. It can be taken for granted that the Labor Party will give

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the proposals its active backing, and they appear to commend themselves to many Conservatives. Undoubtedly, however, when the report is considered by Parliament the plan will encounter powerful opposition. It is certain to be attacked by the insurance companies, which have reaped huge profits from industrial policies—a business which in Britain, as in this country, has always been economically wasteful and often no better than a legal racket. Conservative financiers will condemn the plan on the ground of its cost, both to employers and the taxpayers, who between them will shoulder about 75 per cent of the total. Actually the sums involved, though huge, are not so great as might have been expected in relation to the existing commitment of the national Exchequer on account of social security. In brief, the financing of the scheme requires the retransfer of about 11 per cent of the national income—not a prohibitive price if the objective of "a national minimum over which prosperity can grow" is achieved.

The Beveridge Plan may be said to aim at a partial socialization of distribution within an economic system in which private enterprise remains paramount. But its author fully realizes that its success depends on an improved organization of production as well as the peaceful development of world trade. The actuarial calculations on which its cost is based assume a rate of unemployment lower than the average in Britain between 1919 and 1939, and a new cyclical depression of the 1929 variety might well prove fatal to it.

Sir William Beveridge, however, presents his proposals not merely as a scientific method of abolishing want but as an act of faith in the ability of his countrymen to attack the problems of reconstruction as courageously as they have accepted the challenge of Nazism. "Want," he writes, "could have been abolished in Britain before the war. It can be abolished after the present war unless the British people prove less productive than they and their fathers have always been." This bold rejection of economic defeatism in a country facing post-war problems even more desperate than those that confront America rebukes the feeble spirits of our Cassandras and will inspire all those who look forward to the achievement of a more just and fruitful social system.

McNutt and Wickard

IN EXTENDING Paul V. McNutt's powers as manpower coordinator and appointing Claude B. Wickard as Food Administrator, the President has taken two important steps toward placing this country on a total-war footing. It has been plain to most observers for months that drastic action was necessary with respect to both man-power and food. The chief question now is whether this latest reorganization will suffice.

There can be no doubt of the wisdom of placing Selective Service under the control of the War Manpower Commission. The military and civilian aspects of the man-power problem are so closely interrelated that their separation could only lead to friction and confusion. Despite contrary directives from Selective Service headquarters, tens of thousands of key men in war industries have been drafted into the army. Other tens of thousands have enlisted voluntarily. The prohibition of enlistments, the exemption of men more than thirty-eight years old, and the placing of control over inductions in civilian rather than military hands should check the pirating of essential labor by the armed services. It must be noted, however, that the new arrangement does not strike at the heart of the problem, namely, the matter of balancing our man-power resources between military and civilian needs. The army and navy retain the right to decide how many men shall be inducted each month. It is true that they are required to consult with the head of the War Manpower Commission, but the final decision rests with the armed forces. With this important exception, the new set-up appears generally satisfactory as a solution of the military aspects of the man-power problem.

For solving the equally vital but far more controversial problem of allocating civilian man-power as effectively as possible for the war effort, the changes outlined in the President's order appear far less satisfactory. Two important steps were taken. Mr. McNutt is authorized (1) to require that all workers be hired through the United States Employment Service, and (2) to set up rules that would forbid any employer to retain any worker whose services are more urgently required elsewhere. Rigidly enforced, this order would give Mr. McNutt sweeping powers over civilian employment. While the War Manpower Commission is not given the power to compel a man or women to take a war job in the same way that it can compel a man to enter military service, it can, under the order, see to it that he or she does not work elsewhere.

In the hands of a resolute administrator, this might be all the power needed. Unfortunately, there is little in Mr. McNutt's record to suggest that he has the vision or the courage to make the utmost use of this power. Most observers agree that Mr. McNutt is a capable administrator. His record in the Federal Security Agency has been so satisfactory that many people have forgotten his anti-labor bias as governor of Indiana. No one will question his political astuteness. But his political ambitions are probably his biggest handicap in tackling the man-power job. His seven months' record as chairman of the Manpower Commission is anything but impressive. When the commission was set up, it was understood that the chairman was to have almost unlimited powers in coordinating man-power requirements. To be

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sure these powers were general rather than specific. They could not be exercised unless Mr. McNutt was willing to fight not only the armed services but a number of other agencies that were jealous of their prerogatives. Mr. McNutt did not fight; good politician that he is, he offended no one and accomplished almost nothing. He did not even formulate a program consistent with the needs of total war until nearly six months of vital time had elapsed. Much as we would prefer to have it otherwise, we find it difficult to believe that he will suddenly blossom forth as the vigorous administrator needed in the present crisis.

We have no such reservations about the appointment of Secretary Wickard as Food Administrator. A single administrator was necessary in order to have over-all planning in the production and allocation of agricultural products. While some persons may feel that Mr. Henderson should have retained control over the entire rationing program, a very convincing case may be made out for placing the rationing of farm products under Mr. Wickard and leaving the control of prices in the hands of Mr. Henderson. Under the new arrangement it is obvious that the two men will have to work very closely together, but there is every indication that they will be able to do so without friction. The choice of Mr. Wickard to manage the food program is a logical one not only because of his position as Secretary of Agriculture in control of the machinery of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration but also on the basis of his record as a non-political and efficient administrator. There is every reason to believe that this part of our war program will be well handled.

Still Muddling Through

DESPITE newspaper reports to the contrary, the row between military and civilian authorities over production scheduling is not yet over. The long-awaited statement from Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the WPB, was so ambiguous that part of the press interpreted it as a victory for the military, part as a victory for the civilians. The statement was ambiguous for two reasons. One is that the conflict was still undecided at the time the statement was issued, and the other is that Nelson was not too anxious to have the fact realized. Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson has been given what he already had—general supervision over production scheduling. The extent of his supervision is yet to be determined. An administrative order must be issued by Nelson to fix Wilson's precise power and responsibility, but this had not yet been signed as we went to press. Nelson seemed to have difficulty in making up his mind not only on how much power he would try to give Wilson over the military but also how he would divide power at the WPB itself between Wilson and Vice-Chairman Ferdinand Eberstadt, who now has so much that there is little left for Wilson. Virtually all the operating machinery of the WPB is under Eberstadt, including that of "program determination," although the Nelson statement indicates that Wilson is to "determine" programs as well as production scheduling.

These terms are vague and shadowy, but so is the quarrel itself. The substance of power, whatever Nelson does, remains with the military as long as they retain the statutory authority to place the actual contracts. Nelson, if he were a strong character, might possibly use the executive order setting up the WPB to override the armed services and force better scheduling of production. But Nelson shows no more firmness of purpose and strength of will in dealing with the military than he did earlier in the year in dealing with industrialists fighting conversion. Better scheduling of production, like the curtailment of business as usual, is likely to be achieved through the grim necessities of raw-material shortages. This is a wasteful and dilatory method of organizing war production, but there is little prospect that we shall move on to a better under the present system of divided control. What makes divided control particularly bad is that it is divided between military and civilian agencies equally flabby in dealing with big business because both are dominated by it.

It is this which lies at the bottom of our failure to meet the "victory program." The Office of War Information, which is fighting hard to maintain as much truth as possible in government releases, admits that the programs for planes, tanks, and anti-aircraft guns have fallen short of the President's goals; only merchant shipping is ahead of schedule. The actual production figures for 1942 as given out are, of course, enormous: 49,000 planes, 32,000 tanks and self-propelled artillery, and 17,000 anti-aircraft guns. But these figures, notably in aircraft, leave many questions unanswered. How many of these are combat and not training planes? How many will actually be completed and ready to fly into battle by the end of the year, and how many will still be waiting for missing parts?

The President's victory program, huge as it was, might have been achieved if the WPB had not dawdled for more than six months after Pearl Harbor in organizing our production system for war. The victory program, which is steadily being cut down, could still be achieved. It requires tightening up raw-material production, spreading arms work to idle facilities in smaller business, forcing the adoption of new production methods like those Kaiser is using in shipbuilding, and better scheduling of production. The greater the production the smaller the loss of life and the shorter the war. But for this something better than the present muddling through will be required.

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One Year After Pearl Harbor

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 6

LOOKING back across the year since Pearl Harbor, the President has much with which to be pleased. The task of mobilizing a fairly prosperous and contented capitalist democracy for war is like trying to drive a team of twenty mules, each stubbornly intent on having its own way. Only by continual compromise with the ornery critters is it possible to move forward at all. Examined closely, by the myopic eye of the perfectionist, Mr. Roosevelt's performance in every sphere has been faulty. Regarded in the perspective of his limited freedom of choice and the temper of the country, which has never really been warlike, the year's achievements have been extraordinary. The curtailment and conversion of civilian industry for war, the peaceful resolution of capital-labor difficulties, the preservation to a remarkable extent of both social gains and civil liberties, the great expansion of arms output, the successful launching of our first major offensive represent stupendous and back-breaking tasks. The President is only a man, with twenty-four hours a day at his disposal, and amid the clamor of criticism, much of it justified, it will not hurt to pause a moment in gratitude for his work in the service of our country.

Someone has said that politics is the art of the possible, and Mr. Roosevelt achieved what he did largely by taking the easiest route; the easiest was difficult enough. He let big business mobilize our economy for war pretty much on its own terms, and established what is in effect a government of coalition with the right. Just as King John had to sign on the dotted line for the barons before they would fight, so the President had to come to terms with the quasi-independent corporate sovereignties that control so much of our productive resources. In criticizing him for this, we must also in fairness criticize ourselves. Had labor and the middle-class progressives been better organized, politically more astute, less divided, more competently led, they would have exerted more pressure in the national tug-of-war. The last Congressional elections were an adequate if rough test of just how much influence the labor and liberal elements have in national and local politics. The things that count are not our speeches or our pieces in the paper but the votes we can muster in Congress in support of the measures we demand. It is easy to identify ourselves emotionally with "the people." At the moment the people are not identifying themselves with us.

The Attorney General is the first public official here to say this publicly, at least by implication. "Is the sentiment of the public," Mr. Biddle asked despondently at Charlottesville last Friday, "really moved by the vision of a better world or is it merely disturbed by anxiety about increased taxation and the threat of unemployment after the war? Do the people of our land fight only to win the war and have it over—or to use the war for great and democratic ends?" The answer of big business had been given at the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers two days before, "I am not making guns or tanks," the president of the N. A. M. said, "to win a 'people's revolution' . . . I am not fighting for a quart of milk for every Hottentot or for a TVA on the Danube." In this the N. A. M. spoke also for the War Production Board and for most of our military-diplomatic bureaucracy. Is the answer of the people very different? The Attorney General made it clear that he is afraid that the dominant feeling toward fighting the war is to "get it over." Congress already reflects this desire for "normalcy."

The trend toward the right has gone to ugly extremes "on the hill." In executive committee sessions on the new War Powers bill, the principal objection to the measure was the fear that the President might use it to let in a lot of "non-Aryan" refugees after the war was over. The old slur about the Jew Deal has made a covert reappearance. Sumners of Texas on the floor of the House Wednesday attacked New Deal administrators as "this bunch of people who . . . do not much more than get into this country before they are trying to tell us how to run this government." It would be a mistake to identify "Send 'Em to the Electric Chair" Sumners with the voice of the American people, but there are enough like him in the Democratic Party and in Congress to cheer the Axis and bedevil the Administration. The one part of the war machine generously left to New Dealers is that in which they are certain to become unpopular—the political-suicide assignment of price control and rationing. Sumners and his kind are making the most of it to set the farmer against the New Deal. Wait till they get started on how Lehman is taking food from Americans to feed foreigners!

Coffee of Nebraska thought the Sumners speech "wonderful." Cox of Georgia rose to suggest that perhaps the time had come to break away from party lines in order to get rid of these "carpetbaggers." Rankin of Mississippi and Hoffman of Michigan joined in, unrebuked, though next day Hook of Michigan gave Hoff-

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man a drubbing in debate. Hoffman suggested that Congress set up a new committee to investigate the Marshall Field publications, the left and liberal weeklies, and the Washington *Post* for attacking Congressmen of this odorous variety in the last campaign. Hook threw Hoffman into confusion by asking whether this meant that the latter had lost faith in the Dies committee. Hoffman replied lamely that Hook and others had criticized the Dies committee so much that "they now have too big a job on their hands to handle all this."

As Congress moves right, the Administration may move with it, if only out of necessity. The precarious course of the Panama agreement through the Senate last week showed how dependent the President and his party leaders are on right-wing Democrats. The debate and the vote were a foretaste of what is coming when we begin to make the peace. The power of a Cordell Hull, who can swing Southern votes, is likely to increase, that of a Henry Wallace to wane, as the drift continues. In a sense we are already losing the peace more rapidly than we are winning the war, for the shape of our society is being determined by the undemocratic and monopolistic fashion in which it has been mobilized for war production. This trend will only be reversed if the Axis staying power proves much greater than, in the present optimistic mood, is now expected.

Is the outlook for the liberals hopeless? Not at all. The pendulum now swinging away from social reform will swing back. At present, in the full flush of boom employment, after twelve years of the New Deal, the country is ready for a change, and 1944 may see a right-wing Republican elected. The reaction is likely to go too far. Workers and farmers will not easily give up what they have won through Mr. Roosevelt since 1933. The idea of social security is too potent to be stifled. The Republicans must either submit to these currents or go under in trying to combat them. The immediate outlook for progressivism is dark, but it has been dark before, and it is some comfort to know that its future is nowhere near as bleak as Adolf Hitler's.

Notes on America

BY KINGSLEY MARTIN

ARRIVING by magic carpet from Europe in what seemed to me still the bright lights of Fifth Avenue, I said to myself, "Nobody in this country could really feel that they were in the war that I have just left, let alone imagine for a moment that they might lose it. They couldn't lose it, of course, in the way the British could lose it; neither Germans nor Japanese have a chance of marching on their flat feet into Washington or flying their flags from the top of the Rockefeller Building. But Americans could lose the war by internal differences and by failing quickly enough to be part of the struggle for liberation in Europe."

Since these reflections the successful opening of the Mediterranean front has brought America decisively into the European struggle. The United States now occupies a position that is similar to Great Britain's in the nineteenth century. Technically, the Atlantic has dwindled into the equivalent of the English Channel, while the English Channel has become nothing more than a remarkably efficient tank trap. The psychology of the two nations will adjust itself accordingly. A European coming to America may one day feel some of the irritation that a Pole or Italian, fighting for national liberty a hundred years ago, used to feel when he escaped to Palmerston's England. Just as England used to decide whether or not it was involved in European affairs, or even went to war on the highest moral principles and was apt, in all good faith, to find them coincident with the interests of Great Britain, so today the United States can preach very high-principled sermons from a bomb-proof pulpit between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The British, on the other hand, can no longer afford to muddle through. What did that famous phrase mean? Nothing but that they had more money and more ships and a safer position than other people; so that they could still win wars after making mistakes that would have been the ruin of a Continental nation. Today Britain is part of the Continent and its fate is bound up with that of the other Continental peoples. Instead of muddling through, we British shall have to abandon the boast that we live by instinct and not by intellect; we shall have to use our brains like any other threatened people. This means that one of the main reasons for British unpopularity in the world may disappear. We shall cease to be so irritatingly superior. The mantle of our superiority will fall on American shoulders.

The Englishman who arrives in America today does well to realize that America is a foreign country. He has been apt to take for granted a blood relationship which only in part represents the reality. Any Englishman who travels across the country, who talks and mixes with Americans outside hotels and official quarters, quickly discovers a more closely knit America than there has ever been in the past, composed of a combination of nationali-

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ties of which Britain is only one constituent. If he begins to understand this he will see in the malicious columns of the Chicago *Tribune* not so much a pathological hatred of Britain—though that is there—as a dangerous repudiation by a small section of Americans of the principles on which the United States was founded. He will see the struggle here as part of the same struggle in which Europe is engaged, the struggle of the common people to share in the rights and privileges of civilized society. They are threatened in the United States just as they are threatened in Europe. He will find his solidarity with the mass of American people and must cease to judge what he sees by whether the comments made are "pro-British" or not. Once the British have reached this state of mind, they and the Americans may hope to live down a past which has not been wholly happy.

This friction between the two nations comes from many causes and shows itself in many ways. Psychologists and historians could write innumerable books about it. The British have been incurably ignorant and superior about the United States; the Americans, resentful and misinformed about Britain. The British know no American history at all; the Americans know something of British history, but in a distorted form. Some American history textbooks gravely misrepresent the eighteenth-century story of British blundering; the British, on the other hand, have quite forgotten that they ever made fools of themselves on the western side of the Atlantic. British writers and critics have made this situation worse ever since the days of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens. Again, there is always confusion about language. America is not a child of Britain but a parallel society which has sprung from European stock. Similarly the British language is not a highfaluting form of the American language, nor is the American a debased form of the English language. They are two parallel branches of speech that have developed from a common seventeenth-century stem. Today irritations that spring from a common but divergent inheritance have a new importance. Small in themselves, they perpetuate an unnecessary friction and give a handle to people who for interested reasons wish to keep the United Nations disunited. Obviously the real difficulties today spring from the underlying question of power. During the war we try to hide from ourselves and each other that capitalist rivalry tends not to disappear but to increase. Beneath the surface British business fears the inevitable expansion of American power, while Americans resent the tenacity of British imperialism.

Here we come to the word which is the present symbol of what Americans dislike about Britain. Everywhere I have been in the United States people have asked me about India and the British Empire, whether Britain was changing from a class society and so forth. An analysis of these questions shows no very clear logic, for nothing would alarm Americans more than to have the British power collapse in the middle of the war. On this point American liberals are in a terrible muddle. If there is anything that they attack more than our failure to "quit India," it is the speed with which we succeeded in quitting Burma.

I can hear a chorus of voices saying, quite truly, that I have myself led the way in criticizing the imperialist behavior of the British, the manner of our Blimpish defense which underestimated the importance of Chinese help and fails to find a solution for India. Certainly. But my point is that much American criticism of British imperialism proves on analysis to spring not from a dislike of imperialism or from an interest in equality for the colored people. Often today it seems to be just the form which American antagonism to traditional Britain takes at the present moment.

Let me explain. Almost all Americans, nurtured in this socially egalitarian atmosphere, dislike something which they particularly identify with Britain. They say the British look down their noses; they say we are class-ridden; they simply will not believe it when you mention the fact that the most advanced sentiments are often expressed by the handful of peers who are the effective members of the House of Lords. Many of them do not yet know the difference between the commonwealth and the empire. I have met Americans who are sure you are lying when you tell them that Canada, Australia, and South Africa are not subject states. They blandly ask you why Canada pays taxes to Britain, and the retort that, on the contrary, Britain pays Canada for all it buys and that British purchases from India are wiping out India's public debt just leaves them skeptical. But it is not this misinformation, which is after all no more aggravating to an Englishman than British ignorance of any American figures except George Washington and Abraham Lincoln is to Americans, that I am now worrying about. My point is that much of this criticism of Britain has nothing to do with facts: it is dislike of a picture of the English ruling-class man, who is supposed to be out-of-date, effete, useless, and yet somehow all-powerful and always successful in outwitting the simple-minded American in spite of the fact that America is now the most powerful, intelligent, moral, and magnificently efficient country in the world.

Whenever I ask about English speakers and visitors to the United States I am told the same thing. Americans like direct, extrovert Englishmen and do not often meet them. Herbert Hodge, the taxi driver who wrote "It's Draughty in Front," is the sort of person who many Americans feared did not exist in England. They are quite excited when they hear him speak. "Why," they say, "after all, the English people really must be quite like Americans."

In the same way a well-known trade unionist in the United States asked me why we did not more often send

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to this country trade unionists like the members of his own union. "We get the impression," he said—this conversation took place before the visit of Jack Tanner and others to the United States—"that the British trade unionists are like Sir Walter Citrine." This was not a personal criticism of Citrine, but a reference to his title. A title of any sort is a serious barrier to successful contact with American labor, indeed, with the whole American public. I have also had people say to me that it was refreshing to meet Englishmen who did not turn out to agree with Winston Churchill about India. Only a critic of British imperialism can successfully discuss that subject in America. No one pays attention to official spokesmen, whether Indians or British, who go around making an uncritical defense of Britain. There is much ignorance in America about the British war effort and the British cause and British society—though not more than the ignorance in Britain about American history and American society. But if this ignorance is to be remedied, the correction must come from those who are dissatisfied with Britain and its record and whose aspirations for change make them acceptable to the American public.

But is England changing? Americans constantly ask. Official Britain answers unconvincingly and sometimes disingenuously. Official Britain is far too much impressed by the seeming importance of the wealthy and prominent people who are terrified of socialism. Official Britain, indeed, gets all hot and bothered by this question. Apparently Americans want Britain to change, but if we say that under the strain of war and the influence of bombing we are making important social strides, we are at once accused of the terrible crime of socialism. We mustn't be feudal; we must move very rapidly, apparently to the left; and yet under no circumstances must we become in the least "red." This is a difficult pattern to which to conform, and the truth is the British would do much better in America if they worried less about what Important People thought and bluntly refused to appease those who are in any case dubious friends of Britain and not by any means certainly the future rulers of the United States. The Englishman who is disliked by most Americans represents a scarcely higher proportion of British people than the similar class represents in the United States. A Welshman who knows America intimately remarked to me the other day that the official spokesmen of England, the men who manage to appear

STOP THOSE IMPOSTORS

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to govern it, really come from a very small group and live in a very restricted area. "There is," he remarked, "a section around Oxford and Cambridge and in London and the home counties which arrogates to itself the title of British and which I and all my friends from Scotland, Wales, and the provinces of Britain dislike just as much as the average American dislikes it."

In a word, the friction between America and Britain is aggravated by trivialities that spring from history and tradition, but the real conflict is exactly that which now divides the world. It is not a simple conflict; it is at one and the same time a struggle between established ruling classes and a struggle against them by common people in each country. Henry Wallace had a word for it.

Pity the Federal Employee

BY JERRY KLUTTZ

Washington, December 1

THE federal employee used to be envied as one who had a secure job and a sinecure. Today he is to be pitied. He and his work are misrepresented by men in high places. He is harassed on all sides. He is told that he is a slacker and a draft-dodger, that he is a thumb-twiddler. His loyalty is impugned by investigations. He is the target of a double-barreled Congressional inquiry. He is discriminated against in the matter of overtime pay. He has watched the government raise the wages of his colleagues in industry while it refuses any increase to persons in its own service.

Many federal workers have quit their jobs to go into private industry. The turnover rate has become enormous. In the District of Columbia it is running around 83 per cent; outside the District it is somewhat less, about 65 per cent. Washington is alarmed. It believes that unless steps are taken immediately to improve the relations between the government and its employees, the government will suffer.

Low-salaried employees can barely eke out an existence in Washington. The basic rates of pay have not been changed in years despite the increase in living costs, especially since the war. And on January 1 the 5 per cent victory tax will be deducted from the federal employee's pay check along with 10 per cent for war bonds and 5 per cent for retirement, a total of 20 per cent. Washington is about the most expensive of all cities to live in, and the men and women in the low salary brackets will leave the city in droves unless Congress puts up more money.

After all, they can go back to their home towns and find good jobs in war industries with pay and a half for overtime. Only 60 per cent of federal workers are paid overtime, though the President has repeatedly urged Congress to pass a uniform law on the subject.

After an attack on government employees as draft-dodgers, led by Senator Tydings of Maryland, the President canceled all draft deferments for them. The workers reacted by volunteering for military service by the thousand. Production in government shipyards and arsenals was threatened. Key administrators of draft age were ready to resign. Apparently the President realized his error, for he modified the order somewhat by instructing the army and navy not to give commissions to "essential" federal workers or accept them as volunteers. Selective Service, however, can still order the induction of any federal employee. The vast majority of those who have been deferred are in industrial plants; they are the skilled workers, technicians, architects, scientists, and engineers who would be deferred if they were working for Henry Ford or United States Steel. There may have been abuses of the deferment privilege in government, but probably no more than in industry.

The case against federal workers is based in part on their enormous number. In World War I the high-water mark was 917,000; today the War Department alone has more than 1,200,000 civilian employees and the Navy Department more than 500,000. In all, more than 2,600,000 civilians, according to the Civil Service Commission, work for Uncle Sam, and the number is increasing hourly. Moreover, the employees themselves complain of lack of work, duplication, and general mismanagement.

A tested friend of the federal worker, Representative Robert Ramspeck of Georgia, chairman of the House Civil Service Committee, heads a House committee that will investigate the government's personnel policies. The inquiry is expected to be constructive; Ramspeck promises he won't conduct a witch-hunt. A New Dealer and the majority whip of the House, he has the confidence of both Congress and the President. He has pushed through the House every important reform bill passed to improve the status of civil-service employees in the last ten years. It is fortunate for the Administration that the investigation will be in his friendly hands. For, after all, the Civil Service Commission and the War Manpower Commission have publicly acknowledged that the federal government has wasted the abilities of thousands of its employees and that federal agencies "pirate" workers from one another.

Ramspeck attributes much of the confusion and mis-

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understanding in Washington to that natural ailment, growing pains. The government has taken on about a million civilian workers in the first full year of war, many of them untrained. Confusion and inefficiency have been aggravated, he believes, by the low level of supervisors. He will try to help the agencies to straighten out a bad situation rather than carry on his investigation in the newspapers. He has been necessarily slow in starting his inquiry because of the heavy Republican gains in the House, which will change the membership of his Civil Service Committee.

Meanwhile, Senator Byrd of Virginia has sensationally recommended that a third of the government's civilian employees should be fired. And it does in fact appear as if a large block could be dismissed without hampering the war effort. The most ardent New Dealers agree with the reactionaries about the existence of mass idleness and wasted effort. But the question remains, Which employees should be fired? If Senator Byrd's quota of dismissals is to be reached, either drastic cuts must be made in the War and Navy departments or practically all other federal agencies must be wiped out.

Senator Byrd and his followers probably do not realize to what an extent the war has forced the government to move in and take over. The civil-service figure of 2,600,000 has very little real meaning today. There are tens of thousands of persons now working solely for the government, under government supervision and direction, for salaries paid from the United States Treasury, who are not federal workers in the strict sense of the term. The War Department, for example, requires war plants to maintain a staff of civilian guards against sabotage. The number is a military secret, but it runs into thousands. Though the department reimburses the plants for the wages of these men, it does not employ them. The government has also taken over ships, docks, and warehouses but considers many of the crews that man them to be private employees. The same thing is true of the workers in the scores of hotels the government has taken over. If all these people were classified as federal employees, the total figure might soar to 5,000,000.

On the other hand, the government could change its policy and whittle down the number of civilian employees. Civilians today are building airfields and shore stations inside and outside the country; civilians are working in the cantonments and training centers at everything from laundering to the provision of utilities. These jobs and many thousands more could be filled by soldiers and sailors, and the civilians could be fired. But in that case we should need a larger army and navy.

Thus the figure of 2,600,000 that Senator Byrd says would so shock the people is a paper figure that could be changed overnight by a paper transaction. Federal workers could perhaps be cut a third, but the cost to the taxpayers might be even greater than it is now.

The private war worker is praised on all sides. The federal worker is urged to continue his job in the name of patriotism and to help win the war. But he gets no glory.

Life with Kaiser

BY BERNARD TAPER

Richmond, Cal., November 16

I'VE just finished working on a 10,500-ton cargo ship called the Robert E. Peary which was launched four days after the laying of the keel and outfitted ready for delivery two days after that. And on the seventh day, I presume, Henry J. Kaiser rested.

A lot of people reading about this record ship are now getting the idea that if there is a convoy for the Solomons gathering off San Francisco Bay that is lacking a ship or two, all it will have to do is wait around a week and let the Richmond Shipyards perform a couple of miracles. It doesn't quite work like that. A great deal of time went into prefabrication before this ship's keel could be laid. (I'll call it "Hull 440" rather than the Peary; during the weeks we lived with it that was the only name we knew it by, though we frequently added colorful adjectives of our own.)

In the old days when no work was done on a ship before the keel was laid and when decks were built one at a time in simple progression, the period from the laying of the keel to the delivery of the ship could be regarded as the actual construction time; but nowadays there is a certain measure of hokum, verbal conjuring, or what you will involved in using the old yardsticks to measure construction speed records. For the laying of the keel is no longer a beginning, or even the end of a beginning, to use Churchill's phrase. For us workmen, who spend about a month putting together deckhouses, double bottoms, forepeaks, and the numerous other gigantic sections—some weighing over a hundred tons—which are ultimately hoisted on to the ship, the laying of the keel represents, in fact, the beginning of the end.

The rapidity with which Hull 440 was put together was nevertheless incredible to all of us. Within two hours after the laying of the keel at 12:01 Sunday morning the entire bottom shell—50 feet by 500 feet—was welded

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into place. Six hours later we had put in all the amidships inner-bottom sections, the entire engine assembly, three great transverse bulkheads, two big shell sections, and a centerline bulkhead. By the end of the day the hull was shaped and half of its 2,900 tons of steel had been lifted into place. On that one day we did something like 18,000 feet of welding.

The second day we put in the rest of the bulkheads, the sheer strakes, the fan tail, the fresh-water tanks, and the midship deckhouse. By the end of the day the upper deck was completed.

On the third day all of the superstructure—the deckhouses, the masts, and the windlass—went on. The huge rudder went on then, too, a day ahead of schedule. And also the anti-aircraft guns.

And on the fourth and last day we finished up—the welding, riveting, electrical wiring, and the painting. The last workers on the ship were a crew of laborers with brooms and dustpans, tidying it all up.

Despite rumors to the contrary Hull 440 was no empty hull. When it went down the skids, it was complete with lifebelts, electric clocks, coat hangers, desks, inkwells, and signs in all the toilets saying "Water Unfit for Drinking." As the deckhouse was hoisted through the air we half expected to see a captain—prefabricated, too, perhaps—already pacing the bridge, nervously keeping a sharp eye out for submarines.

For several days before the laying of the keel the shipway looked as though a giant jigsaw puzzle had been tipped out of its box—the front of the ship here, a pile of pipe there, shell plates over there, and double bottoms one on top of the other. Once the keel was laid, the appearance of the ship kept changing rapidly; if you left the scene for an hour during those first two days you found quite a different contour when you returned. Men swarmed all over the hull twenty-four hours of the day, like "maggots on a dead fish," as one of the welders put it. Piled all over the decks and bottoms and festooned over the staging were miles of welders' and burners' cables, intricately twisted. One felt even on the last day that it would take a full crew of men a week merely to untangle these cables. But imperceptibly the din of work diminished; crews of men completed their tasks and drifted over to the staging of the next shipway in order to watch the launching, trying to grasp the fact that the ship was all finished. It was as though someone had come when our backs were turned for a moment, had taken away Hull 440 that we were working on, and had sailed this Robert E. Peary—with its fine coat of gray paint, bunting flying from the masts, and hooded guns tilted skyward over the cement gun tubs—right up the way to the keel blocks. The christening went off without any of the untoward accidents that superstitious sailors fear, and the ship went down the skids. From where I was standing beside the launching platform it seemed tc grow larger as it slid away, a strange reversal of the laws of perspective due probably to the fact that its sweeping outlines had become perceptible for the first time.

As the twenty-five thousand spectators, still unbelieving, waited for Hull 440 to fill with water and slowly sink, a small section of the keel for the next ship was swung out and laid in place. Meanwhile the men from the outfitting dock were swarming upon Hull 440 to perform the numerous tests necessary before the ship is delivered to the Maritime Commission.

Our yards here in Richmond are laid out over a tremendous area compared to Eastern and European yards, which is one of the reasons why such an extensive preassembly system is possible. I don't know the exact amount of space these yards occupy—they form the largest shipbuilding unit in the world—but when you stand on the flying bridge of a ship in construction you look out over an enormous acreage of shipways along which are moving the "whirly" cranes, stretching their long necks with a kind of stiff solicitousness as they gingerly set down their loads. Between two of the yards is the huge prefabrication plant, resembling a dirigible hangar, where the deckhouses and boilers are constructed, to be carried on great trailers to the ships.

Improved methods of yard transportation, standardization of design, and mass production of parts are other vital factors in the speed with which we are building these ships. Another, paradoxically, is our lack of experience in shipbuilding. Most of the top men in the Richmond yards never worked on a ship before last year; they are old Coulee and Bonneville Dam men. The few men around the yards who did work on ships during the last war, like persons of Victorian morals who suddenly find themselves moving about with a racy set, seem always to have a slightly bewildered air at the unorthodox methods of procedure. A great many of the men in these yards are Middle Westerners who never saw the ocean until a few months ago. They have done strange—though not always illogical—things to traditional nautical terminology. "The hold," for instance, has become "the hole" even in writing; a ship is "corked" to make it watertight; and the place where all the pots and stoves are is called the "gallery."

Among the seventy thousand workers in the Richmond yards there are former cooks, clerks, mechanics, anthropologists, ballet dancers, and men of any other calling you can imagine. There are even some ship workers. Anybody who wants to work can have a job. The day I was hired I sat next to a man who some years ago had suffered a stroke which had paralyzed his left side; the personnel office was going to figure out some way to put his right side to work. There is a chipper working with me who is so old that he looks like John D. Rockefeller in his last weeks—and chipping is strenuous work.

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The full piquant flavor of the general casting is something you slowly discover and relish long afterward. I asked one of the steamfitters how it happened that so many of his crewmates were anthropologists, half expecting some enlightening explanation about the comparative cranial measurements of steamfitters and anthropologists. But he said it was "purely a historical accident." One anthropologist had been hired as a steamfitter, and he later got some of his friends on. Then there is the crew of riggers made up, in the main, of ex-ballet dancers. Riggers are the men who deftly and fleetly clamber over staging, hooking and unhooking the crane loads. I've seen them leaping from two-by-fours to mast poles. And I've seen some who casually walk the two-inch top of the hold, which is some fifty feet deep. I would say that while not all ballet dancers possess the fearlessness necessary for rigging, nearly all riggers possess the grace and agility of dancers. All riggers are a delight to watch, this crew being merely more conscious of rigging as an art form. A girl who had done alteration work at Bonwit Tellers got a job through what might be called casting by verbal accident. She told the hiring office that her main experience had been as a fitter; so they hired her as a shipfitter—and she's doing very well, trimming bulkheads twenty feet high. But perhaps the most astute bit of personnel work was the hiring of a former wrestler as a flanger. The flangers are the men who beat, heat, shrink, pull, and twist unsatisfactory bulkheads into place; and there is not a better job for a wrestler in the whole shipbuilding industry.

The attitude of the workmen toward the record ship is an odd mixture of cynicism and pride, much as though they were saying, "Yeah, it's a kind of a phony record, but by God we're the ones that made it!" Resentment over working conditions which are more annoying and more hazardous than is normally the case alternate with curiosity and even enthusiasm. I know of one tank tester who voluntarily worked for nothing on his day off, though he went right on grumbling about "the godawful madhouse." Men like to grumble as they work; ships are cursed, not nursed, to completion. This grumbling is without self-pity and couldn't possibly be mistaken for whining; usually it takes the form of irony. I found a typical expression of it in words chalked beside the narrow entrance to the double bottoms, a space used for storing oil and ballast water. The air here was foul and the heat almost unbearable, and many suffered welders' "flashes," a painful though rarely serious eyeburn. Someone had written at the entrance, "This way to Health Farm." Actually there were few serious accidents—not as many, I believe, as occur on the average ship, though it is difficult to see why.

Unlike large industries run along the lines of the automobile factory, shipyards seem to release the personality of the individual rather than stifle it. The shipyard worker runs the machines instead of being run by them. Even the helpers seem to have a good knowledge of the way ships are put together and to understand numerous details outside of their own little job. You'll hear a man who has been employed only a month saying, seriously, "If I were running this place, I could have them turning out twice as many ships." And it is surprising how frequently his ideas turn out to be valuable. Hundreds of workmen's suggestions were used in the building of Hull 440, ranging from gigantic jigs that save weeks in the construction of inner bottoms to little clamps that hold girders firm while they are being welded. Without these workmen's inventions and suggestions Hull 440 would never have been a record job. The men are quite possessive about the yards and just about as paternalistic toward Kaiser as he is toward them, regarding him with a fond and fatherly incredulity.

Most of the men are proud of their particular craft. Painters are sure that paint is what holds the ship together. For a while I had the job of putting up temporary wooden strongbacks to support the bulkheads until they were welded. I didn't like that job because the temporary nature of the strongbacks prevented me from acquiring that pleasant sense of self-importance. Now I'm on the crew that lays out and puts up steel doors, and everything is fine. To us it is the doors that make a ship seaworthy. Beside a small and insignificant weld on the bridge deck, which must be at least fifty feet above the water line, one of the welders actually scribbled the words: "She is O. K. Put her on the pond now. She will float."

Hull 440 marks, without doubt, a turning-point in shipbuilding history—not because it was launched a few days after the laying of the keel, but because it demonstrated conclusively that the only way to build ships rapidly is to prefabricate them, and because it utilized hundreds of new inventions, devices, and techniques. It represents the real beginning of the mass production of ships. Hull 440 was 61 per cent prefabricated. Man hours—including the time spent in prefabrication—were cut 6 per cent. As a result of what was learned from Hull 440 the construction time of the ten next ships will be cut from an average of 40.6 days to 31.9 days. Next month our nineteen ways should launch nineteen ships. By the beginning of the year the full value of Hull 440 will be felt, as its lessons are modified and absorbed. Average time on the shipway will drop to 25 days per ship, and our two yards constructing Liberty ships will, it is estimated, launch 275 ships next year—about a hundred more than would have been launched at our old rate of construction. That record will mean considerably more to us than the fact that we were able to deliver one ship in less than a week.

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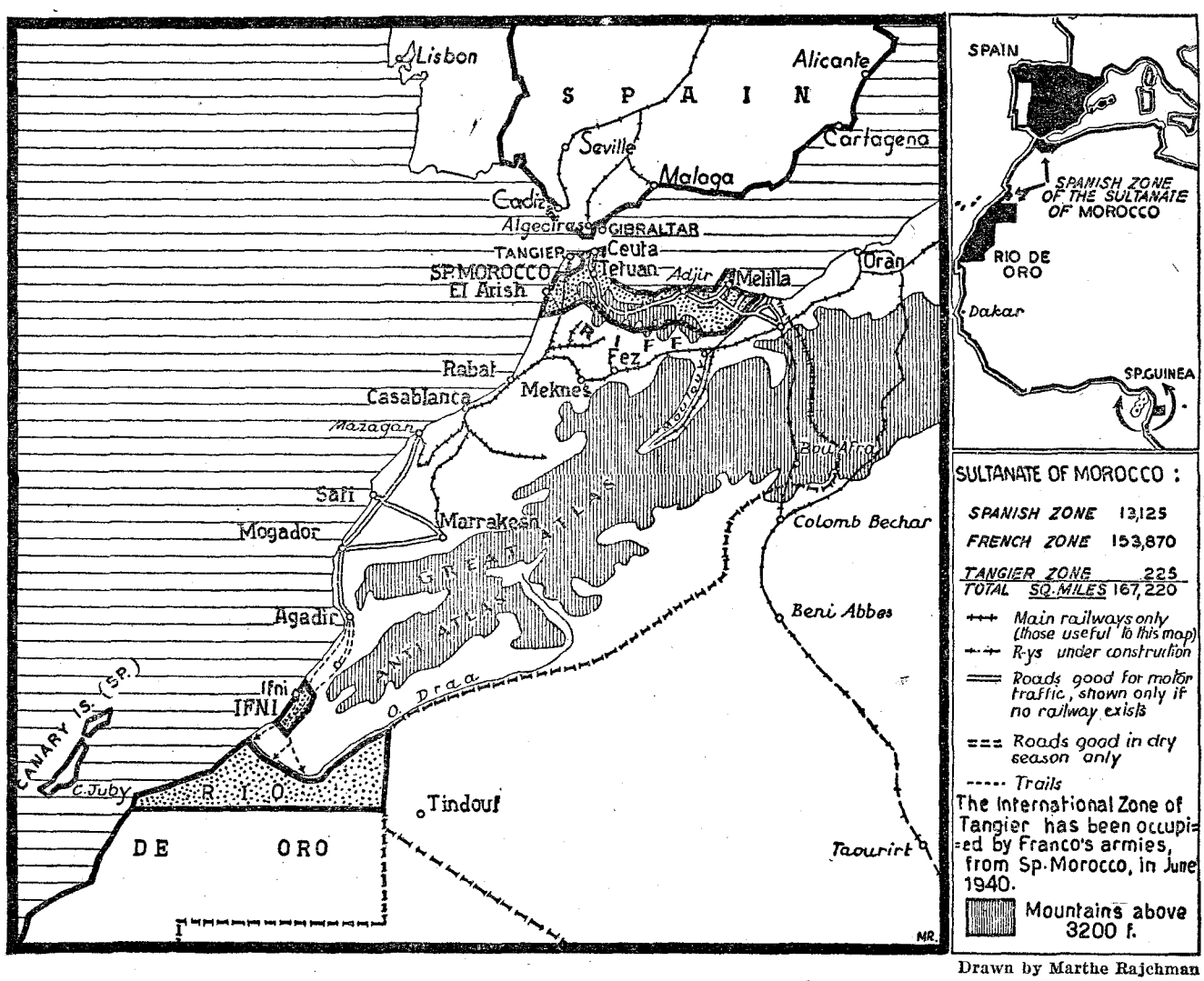
Spain's Zero Hour?

OUTWARDLY, there is no sign of anything brewing in Spain. Press and radio give the impression that there is nothing to fear from that quarter. The mobilization order issued by the Cabinet three weeks ago has been interpreted as proof of Spain's determination to maintain the status quo. Since it was obvious that the British-American command had no intention of moving in the direction of the Spanish Peninsula or through the Moroccan protectorate, there was no question in the Allied capitals that the order was meant as a warning to Germany. Then came Franco's declaration that he would turn to either side for help if the other violated Spain's neutrality, and that apparently satisfied those still inclined to question.

In the past week, among people close to the sources of news, this confidence has begun to break down. For one thing, Hitler's good friend Serano Suñer has been reappointed to the Council of the Falange. Then there is the recall of General Antonio Aranda Mata from his important post in the army, and his replacement by General Alfredo Kindelán. Aranda, the defender of Oviedo, has been regarded as the one truly pro-Ally general in Franco's army, while Kindelán is known to be as pro-Nazi as Suñer himself. Another disquieting fact is the distinctly anti-British and anti-American tone of the Valladolid Radio.

These are recent events. Other evidences of Franco's double-dealing must have been picked up by the Allied intelligence services long ago. For instance, it is no deep secret that German submarines have been going in and out of the port of Palos quite as if it were a German port. A submarine arrives as a pleasure craft, the captain disembarks to visit a friend, and while he enjoys a couple of glasses of *manzanilla* the crew fills her up with oil—and no doubt with ammunition too. The same thing has probably been going on along the Atlantic coast.



Drawn by Marthe Rajchman

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One need only glance at the map to appreciate the value that the Nazis attach to Spanish Morocco. Even before the First World War it was famous as a nest of German intrigue. Now, with the frontier between France and Spain entirely in Nazi hands, and with France held completely incommunicado, nothing could be easier for the Nazis—without their even having to risk a formal march through Spain—than to smuggle into Morocco a stream of technicians, artillerymen, and aviators, to say nothing of Gestapo agents and agitators.

If this is the information that is reaching official ears in Washington, a showdown on Spain cannot be far off.

J. A. DEL V.

Britons on the Peace

[*Nowhere is public opinion more alert to the political side of the present struggle than in England. A good many people there seem determined not to allow this "war for democracy" to degenerate into just another test of strength between two opposing groups of powers. They of course want to see Hitler defeated. That is their first aim; all other considerations are relegated to a secondary plane. But at the same time they are fighting with great courage for a democratic conduct of the war and for a genuine People's Peace. In so doing they are not plagued by the fear that they may be impeding the smooth functioning of the government. On the contrary, they feel that they serve both the war and the peace by standing firm against the increasing tide of reaction which, with the improvement in the military situation, threatens to sweep the country. This is a most interesting aspect of Political War, and one to which we shall refer from time to time in this section. We print below quotations from the English press.*]

THE SAME SONG IN LONDON

I am sorry to say it, but in many high quarters the outmoded nationalist idea still prevails that every [Italian] anti-Fascist is "a traitor to his country" and not quite a gentleman, certainly not to be encouraged. It is this idea which has blocked every attempt by free Italians to create a fighting force to help the Allied cause.

The quarters to which I refer are the same ones that entertain delusions about Badoglio and the Crown Prince staging an overthrow of Mussolini. They now realize that Mussolini must go, having committed "an error of judgment" on June 10, 1940; but they still hope that Grandi or some other "gentleman" can be stepped into his place.—IVOR THOMAS, M. P., in *Reynolds' News.*

VATICAN PEACE

On the other hand, the Vatican would be concerned about the maintenance in Italy, no less than in Spain, of a political and social order that reflects the Catholic traditions of those countries.—The *Catholic Herald.*

HOPE FOR HITLER

Now Hitler's is not the only brain in Europe. Sir William Beveridge has all his knowledge without his absurd collection of phobias. Mr. Churchill is not impervious to common sense and decency and feeling. He was the first English politician who dared to say that Lenin was a great man. He stood up against continuing the Black and Tan terror in Ireland. There is hope for him yet. There is hope even for Hitler's phobias. They began with Hapsburgphobia, which developed into Slavphobia, then into Jewphobia, Marxphobia, Social-Democratphobia, Polephobia, Czechphobia, and Bolshevikphobia. He admired us as Nordics. But he has found us out, and found out all the other Nordics as well. He has ended with a Mankindphobia from which only Central Germans are excepted. Perhaps he will find them out, too, presently; and then we shall see what we shall see.—BERNARD SHAW in *Central Europe.*

WATCH THE "CONVERTS"!

The European underground movements have, in practice, already worked out some methods of a clear political selection. . . . It will be enough . . . to point to one illuminating instance. The French Socialists have laid down a whole set of rules for the readmission to their movement of those former Socialist deputies who did not vote against Pétain at the last session of the parliament.

Such members can be readmitted only in exceptional cases, when they have proved through hard and dangerous underground work against the enemy that their "conversion" has actually been sincere. Their readmission can be granted only at the request of the rank-and-file members of the underground organization.

The "convert" cannot occupy any leading post in the movement; and his readmission is on trial. Such a set of rules gives, no doubt, a good chance for a proper sifting of the political staff in question. It would, however, be encouraging to know that this kind of quarantine is being applied not only to former Socialist M. P.'s but also to some penitents from the fascist ranks.—The *Observer.*

WHO ARE THE ALLIES?

It is always better to take a line and not try to please everybody (that is, unless you prefer the Goebbels technique). Now it is quite true, as various official persons have pointed out to me from time to time, that there are people abroad, to whom our propaganda is directed, who are afraid that we in Britain are drifting too far to the left. But such people are not worth comforting. They will never, in my view, make good allies against fascism. They are mostly potential Quislings. The hard core of resistance to fascism is never found among such people. Therefore, their existence is a poor excuse for not basing our propaganda upon positive democratic aims, for not talking straight to the common folk everywhere, who know very well that fascism is not some old-fashioned nationalistic nonsense but a gigantic attempt, on the part of power-crazy groups, to suppress and then wickedly to exploit the ordinary people.—J. B. PRIESTLEY, in the *Observer.*

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ONE DAY toward the end of last March traffic in Paris was almost completely halted for a great parade of troops. The parade had been widely advertised, and the troops that marched in it bore a singular name: they were called *Waffen-S.S.*, which may be roughly translated "S.S.-at-arms." It took them eight hours to pass a given point. Two weeks later a film of this parade was shown in all the cinemas of Europe. In the words of a Stockholm newspaper, it pictured "thousands of new tanks and armored cars. All the equipment was new, and the artillery was of the most modern type." The S.S. pure and simple was well known—the Black Shirt army which under the command of the sinister Himmler served, together with the Gestapo, as a political police force. But what was this new *Waffen-S.S.?*

People who had followed developments closely were aware that the new organization had been founded in the fall of 1940 as an addition to the S.S. There was even an official document on the subject. On August 6, 1940, the Führer had laid down the "fundamental principles concerning the necessity of a *Waffen-S.S.*" On September 11 this statement of principles had been transmitted to the highest-ranking officers of the army, for their information. At that time the communication went only to the commanding generals and was marked "secret." But a few months later, on March 21, 1941, Headquarters again distributed the document, and this time to all officers down to battalion commanders and battalion adjutants. Thus when the British captured the staff of an artillery battalion in Libya, a copy of the order fell into their hands.

This edict of Hitler's provides us with an authentic account of the new organization. It begins: "It would be intolerable, in critical internal situations, to send German armed forces conscripted from the entire population into action against their fellow-citizens. Such a step would be the beginning of the end. A state that is compelled to resort to such measures . . . thereby abdicates." But if a conscript army may not be used against the people, another body of troops must be formed that will be "capable on any and every occasion of representing and asserting the authority of the Reich." This force must be made up of "men of the best German blood who unconditionally identify themselves with the *Weltanschauung* on which the Greater German Reich is based." Only such an organization will be capable of "resisting disruptive influences in critical times. Such a body will feel pride in its integrity and will therefore never fraternize with the proletariat or with that underworld which undermines our basic ideas."

There was another requirement: "In our German Reich of the future a police force will possess the necessary authority in its relations with other citizens only if it has a soldierly character. Through their experience of glorious military events and their education by the National Socialist Party our people have acquired such a soldierly mentality that a sock-knitting police (as in 1848) or a bureaucratic police (as in 1918) can no longer assert authority. For this reason it is necessary for the state police, in its own closed units, to prove itself at the front in the same way and to make blood sacrifices to the same degree as any other unit of the armed forces." In the meantime—that is, until this new body is needed against its fellow-citizens—it can be used in the occupied regions against "national groups which are not per se and a priori well disposed toward the Reich."

Perhaps one should admire the foresight with which the Führer, at the height of his military triumphs, created additional machinery for dealing with future critical internal situations. Were, then, the existing means of control not enough—the regular police, plus the octopus of the old S.S., plus the Gestapo? Clearly they were not enough in the special circumstances of the war, when so many million men have weapons in their hands. They were not enough for those who had the 1918 situation in mind, as Hitler and his group have it constantly in mind. The Nazi government needs a better instrument than was available then; it needs an instrument which stands apart from and outside the people; above all, an instrument that can be used against wavering sections of the army, one that is equal or superior to the army in training, war experience, and arms.

The present strength of the *Waffen-S.S.* probably exceeds 750,000 men. There is a sinister significance in the fact that its recruiting appeals are addressed particularly to the very young. It prefers to enrol boys of seventeen, the low age limit. And as a few months in the so-called *Arbeitsdienst* are a prerequisite, even boys of sixteen can apply; if they are accepted they serve the rest of their sixteenth year in the *Arbeitsdienst* and on their seventeenth birthday join the *Waffen-S.S.* They are the "human material" which Hitler and Himmler seem to think most promising for their special purpose. These boys have never in their life seen or heard anything but Nazism; they can be expected to have the brutality that goes with a complete lack of human experience; and they have not yet developed any genuine or constant human relationships.

Those are facts to keep in mind when one speculates on whether the Germans are likely to revolt. At the moment they are certainly very, very far from it. And even if the impulse to revolt were present, or if it should develop, it is easier to speak the word, easier to cherish the wish, than to do the deed. The machinery that is being prepared to cope with such an eventuality is more powerful than any that has ever existed before.

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Article III

BY HENRI LAUGIER

ARTICLE III of the Atlantic Charter reads: "They [the signatories] respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

The wording of this statement has been sharply criticized, and justly so. For it appears to allow all peoples an unconditional right to whatever form of government they may choose—Fascist, Nazi, or any other, even one founded on the explicit denial of the rights of man or of the four freedoms proclaimed by President Roosevelt.

Men now know that fascism is the prime enemy of democracy and liberty; that the capital crime of the victorious nations in the period between the two wars was to tolerate the installation of a Fascist regime in Italy and of Nazi rule in Germany, to permit aggression against China and Ethiopia, and to stand aside while the forces of international totalitarianism reduced unhappy Spain to peonage.

Public opinion now demands that the chiefs of the United Nations assume the leadership of democracy throughout the world. Communists have always labored to make the whole world Communist; Nazis have worked with passion—and at what cost!—to Nazify us all. It remains for the democratic peoples to strive with all their might for universal democracy—social, political, and economic.

Fortunately, though the wording of the text of Article III is ambiguous, there is no real doubt about its spirit. In the minds of its authors it was not intended to sanction any betrayal of liberty; it was meant to convey that the governments of free nations must have the constant support of their peoples, freely given.

If such is the meaning of Article III, it is desirable to have a clarified text that will dissipate the ambiguities. It may appear bold to propose a new text for a section of the Atlantic Charter, but in reality it is in all humility that I submit one to the consideration of all democratic peoples. It is this: "They affirm the right of all peoples to choose, with the guaranty of complete liberty of decision, the form of government under which they will live; and they proclaim their faith in government of the people, by the people, and for the people. They intend to provide the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those who have been forcibly deprived of them. Limitations of national sovereignty should be imposed only in order to achieve an efficient international organization."

This new text appears to me to conform more closely to the general public will. I explain the various changes as follows: (1) The words "with the guaranty of complete liberty of decision" denote free expression of the popular will without any deceptive phrases which might sanction a new "march on Rome" or false plebiscite. (2) A proclamation of faith in government of the people, by the people, and for the people, in the very text of their charter, commits the United Nations to fight for universal democracy. (3) The substitution of the words "they intend to provide" for "they wish to see" replaces an attitude of friendly observation with one of militant responsibility. (4) The final sentence of the new text provides that limitations of sovereignty may only be imposed for the sake of efficient international organization. This important addition paves the way for the possible limitations upon, or transfers of, sovereignty which might have to be imposed in order to transform nations now allied into nations truly united, an essential factor in the organization of a free world.

I do not presume to think that this new text will actually be substituted for the one now in force. But I am convinced that any discussion it may provoke will serve a useful purpose.

Hitler's New Role

President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill may well warn people against assuming that Nazi defeat is now only a matter of months. With news of the first victories care took flight, and Washington correspondents began to report that bets were being laid on the date of the war's end —some putting their money on March, others on the middle of May, with the arrival of good weather. Let us be cheerful, let us smile, let us worry just a little about the last phase of the war and nothing at all about the peace. All our enemies will be beaten, and everything will come out all right. In harmony with this happy mood the most extraordinary stories have begun to circulate about the collapse of morale in the enemy ranks, about quarrels between the Führer and his generals, about the changed attitude of the Nazi leaders. The latest of these stories, reported by the Associated Press on November 30, says that Hitler has asked Hjalmar Schacht, his financial genius, to write a report "on what would occur if Germany were beaten." It shows Hitler in a new and chastened mood—not ready to set fire to besieged Europe before giving it up, not prepared to murder the last Jew and to kill resisting Christians by the million, but just thinking anxiously about the economic future of Germany. The next story will present him amiably sharing a glass of beer with Pastor Niemöller and discussing the foundations of eternal peace.

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The Turn Toward Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE war in Russia has at last reached a stage favorable to the United Nations. Last year six months of winter defensive fighting weakened Germany's fighting strength, impaired its morale, and forced it to give ground, but the *Wehrmacht* remained sufficiently strong to regain the initiative in the spring and administer a crushing defeat to its foes, capturing in the process areas of enormous strategic and economic value. These gains, however, like those of Russia's winter offensive, were partly illusory, for the Germans were never able to annihilate the Red Army or to cut off its supplies.

Monotonous communiqués stressing attacks and counter-attacks, with streets or villages won at high cost, obscured for a time a gradual change in the front. After Hitler's speech announcing that the Germans would take Stalingrad but at other points content themselves with holding ground already gained and repelling enemy attacks, the scale and energy of German offensives were markedly cut. By early November this was plainly noticeable, with official German communiqués reporting action by hundreds rather than thousands of troops. Clearly the German generals, not wanting a repetition of the 1941-42 winter, were preparing winter quarters and hoping to hold off the Russians until the main body of their troops could retire to prepared and easily defended positions. Meanwhile, in deference to Hitler, they continued the increasingly futile attacks at Stalingrad.

For the second time Hitler had failed to reach even his minimum objective. The German army, though still the most formidable weapon on earth, had clearly passed its stage of greatest threat. Gains of territory had been materially less than in the preceding year. Russian defensive prowess had become so marked that only a most unlooked-for break-through offered any hope of ending the war. At the same time the German victories, though smaller than last year, were still victories. The Russians had not yet demonstrated any capacity to carry out sustained drives of their own. Hence, unless very powerful intervention in the west changed the situation, the year 1942 was Hitler's.

A retreat to prepared positions, nevertheless, presents distinct dangers, since a reduced force may be assaulted at any time by an enemy at full strength. Such a withdrawal seems the most likely explanation of the huge early Russian gains at Stalingrad. For some months the Russians had been pressing from the north and south against the bases of the Stalingrad salient. Whether at first these attacks were purposely not pushed home, so that the Germans would be lulled into a sense of security, or whether their sudden success was due to the weakening of the German flanks is a question which cannot yet be answered. Another mystery is how the signs of an imminent attack were concealed in a terrain utterly devoid of natural cover. The official Russian account of feints elsewhere is not entirely convincing. Why were the Germans so easily taken in? Was there a blackout in local leadership? The extremely large bag of prisoners, which was not duplicated in the offensives farther north, also demands explanation. If bad morale is the clue, as suggested in some quarters, we may be in a much better war position than anyone in authority has dared to assert.

At any rate, the present gains of the Soviets justify a definite though qualified optimism. The Germans have already lost heavily in man-power and material and are likely to lose more before they reach prepared positions. They have had to use reserves as support to prevent disaster and slow up the Russian advance. Thus against their will and with forces weakened by withdrawals, they are engaged in a war of movement, in which one observes with interest the absence of large German air forces and the comparative scarcity of tanks. Winter fighting, however, is materially different from fighting at other seasons of the year. Last year Russian announcements that various enemy units were being "surrounded" were not in most cases followed by announcements of their annihilation. At the moment of writing this is true at Stalingrad as well. In the first few days of the present offensive progress was extremely rapid, but the Russian war machine, judged by past performance in winter fighting, is more slow moving than that of the Germans and not always able to close the pincers quickly and forcibly enough to destroy enveloped forces.

Some observers have found the explanation for German weakness in Russia in the North African defeats. This is doubtful, since Hitler announced a defensive policy on this front before the rout of Rommel began. In other ways, however, the African campaign is likely to be of aid to Stalin. Russia's distrust of its allies visibly began to subside with the proof that they too were willing to fight to win the war. Diversion of German air power to Southern Europe has certainly made easier the delivery of supplies by the extraordinarily perilous Murmansk route. The now outnumbered Luftwaffe is spread very thin over an immense area. If the Anglo-American African offensive is pushed to a victorious conclusion in

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the near future, shipment of supplies to Russia by the less dangerous Mediterranean route may soon become practicable.

And supplies will be vitally important in the months ahead. For the miracles accomplished by the Russians in transplanting whole industries to the interior should not obscure the heavy losses of food, manganese, iron, and other materials due to German conquests. These must be replaced from other sources if the Soviets are to be kept in full military efficiency for the campaigns in the spring and summer of 1943.

In the winter fighting, then, the tactical outlook, unless there is a dangerous shortage of supplies, is mainly favorable to Russia. The Germans are unquestionably better prepared to withstand the climate than they were last winter, and the generals are acting with greater caution. On the other hand, the initiative is now definitely in Russian hands. Heavy going slows down air and tank units and gives a decided advantage to the belligerent having the greatest weight of fire power and numbers. The Germans are almost sure to relinquish territory until they reach more stable defense lines than some they now hold.

In last winter's fighting the Germans were able to hold nearly all their main bases for attack largely because it proved impossible to bring up artillery of sufficient size to demolish their defenses. The Russians infiltrated around these positions, in some instances almost cutting them off, but could not reduce them. If an effective method of dealing with these strong points can now be worked out, there is more than a chance that the German retreat may become continuous. Whether or not Russian efforts are successful, the increased threat of an expanding Allied army in Africa and Europe will probably prevent maximum forces from being sent against the Soviets for a third successive year.

After more than three years in which the Axis has suffered only negative defeats, the balance of power is slowly passing to the Allies and with it the ability to press home the new attacks which alone can bring final victory. Analogy is sometimes dangerous, but it is perhaps correct to view the twin successes in Russia and North Africa as the Vicksburg and Gettysburg of World War II. The Civil War analogy may be pursued a step further. After the successes of July, 1863, nearly two years of intensely hard fighting were required to bring victory to the Union. Germany today, surrounded as it is by conquered buffer states, is in an enormously strong position to resist direct attack. It can, if necessary, retreat through those areas for hundreds of miles before being compelled to defend its own soil. Internal revolt in a country so rightly fearful of retribution as the Third Reich may be hoped for but should not be expected. Though we have apparently rounded the turn toward victory, the most difficult part lies ahead.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Cash Savings and Taxes

THIS is not a "silk-shirt" era, and not merely because what little silk is left in the country is being made into parachutes and powder bags. Retail-sales figures, it is true, show that money is being spent freely, but a great deal is being saved too—much more than the rather disappointing war-bond totals would indicate. A few weeks ago the Securities and Exchange Commission released an analysis showing that in the third quarter of 1942 individuals' gross savings amounted to $11.4 billion compared with $9 billion in the second quarter. Purchases of government bonds accounted for $2.8 billion of this sum, while the acquisition of automobiles, homes, and other durable goods absorbed $2.3 billion. Reduction in personal debts, including those due on hire-purchase agreements, amounted to $.8 billion, insurance to $.6 billion, and saving in the form of government insurance, mostly through the social-security funds, to $.7 billion.

The major form which savings took during the quarter, however, was one which has potentially harmful attributes and has caused some alarm—the increase in cash holdings and bank deposits. These rose by almost $4 billion, making a total increase for the first nine months of the year of $6.5 billion, in spite of the fact that between January and March there was a small net loss. Many economists look askance at such large and rapid gains in liquid assets. They fear the owners of these resources may suddenly divert them into the purchase of goods, producing an inflationary pressure on prices which it would be difficult to combat.

My personal opinion, however, is that this alarm can be exaggerated. If the price-control system breaks down for any cause and there is a sharp upward move in the cost of living, then people with cash resources might start a flight into goods, But since in that unfortunate event there would probably be a rush to turn government securities also into cash, the conversion of liquid savings into war bonds would not provide an adequate safeguard. Meanwhile the important point for the national war economy is that every dollar saved, no matter in what form, is a dollar *not spent* and to that extent helps to relieve pressure on our diminishing supply of goods.

Among the many limitations of statistics is the fact that while they give useful information about mass behavior they are seldom a clear guide to the motives that added together account for that behavior. Thus the mere fact that a large number of persons decide to hoard part of their incomes in the form of cash does not tell us anything about their reasons for this step. Yet its ulti-

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mate economic results will vary greatly in accordance with the underlying motives of the hoarders. If, for the duration of the war, we all turned into misers and buried in our backyards every penny of our incomes beyond what we needed for barest subsistence, the problem of financing the war would be solved. The demand for civilian goods would then fall well below the supply, and the government could do all its financing through the banks. For there would be no harm in adding to the total volume of spending power so long as the propensity to spend was negligible.

It is unlikely, however, that much of the present currency hoarding is due to actual miserliness. Returns published by the Federal Reserve Board show that at the end of September currency in circulation totaled $13,703 million, an increase of 37 per cent since August, 1941. Over $10,000 million of this sum was accounted for by coins and bills of up to $20 in value, representing a 41 per cent increase in thirteen months. This very striking expansion is probably in the main a reflection of the sharp advance of pay rolls during the period in question. Men who had been on relief for years drawing a few dollars a week are now earning good wages and naturally keep a much greater average amount of money in their pockets. Moreover, men in this position do not usually have bank accounts and are likely to put their savings in a teapot until they have enough to make possible a purchase of war bonds or to turn their thoughts to savings banks.

The lesser but still striking increase in the circulation of large bills is more difficult to account for. One commentator has noted that the figures in this category tend to expand around the first of each month, when bond-interest disbursements are made. This suggests hoarding of bills by timid *rentiers* and, perhaps, to some extent a growth of tax dodging. A safe-deposit box full of bills would be one way in which a wealthy man could bequeath sums to his heirs with reasonably good prospects of evading death duties.

The even larger recent increase of savings in the form of bank deposits must also be considered in the light of motives. Why are people accumulating money in bank accounts beyond current needs when they might earn a safe return by investing it in war bonds? One very simple answer is that people are saving to pay taxes. If this is so, the scare currently being worked up about the danger of wholesale tax defaults next March is wholly unwarranted. The chief piece of evidence offered to support this scare is a recent Gallup poll which found that most people have not yet made any provision to meet their increased tax liabilities next year. Presumably on the basis of this finding, Dr. Beardsley Ruml declared recently in a speech advocating his much-publicized "pay-as-you-go plan": "Nothing can be gained by arguing that people ought to have saved the tax on last year's income out of last year's income. The fact is they did not do it and now they cannot do it."

It is hard to reconcile this flat statement with the SEC report indicating a rate of cash savings from April 1 to September 30 just about sufficient to meet taxes on income received during this period. Surely these savings cannot be credited to people not liable to tax? It is all very puzzling, but perhaps Dr. Ruml, whose brilliance as an economist is universally acknowledged in the press, can provide a satisfactory explanation.

In the Wind

THE REIGN OF TERROR instituted by the Christian Front in certain sections of New York has not abated since Investigations Commissioner Herlands exposed it a few weeks ago. Synagogues are being desecrated, and air-raid wardens are manhandled as they make their rounds. A vigorous campaign against the pro-Nazi rowdies is being carried on by the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, the one paper, aside from the liberal *PM*, that has had the courage to name names and call for official action.

ON NOVEMBER 28 the Boston *Daily Record* ran a picture of American troops in Africa marching beside a high wall on which was a sign reading *Défense d'Afficher* (Post no Bills). The meaning of the phrase, according to the caption below the picture, is "Defense of Africa."

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF in Philadelphia is auctioning the hat worn by Greta Garbo in "Ninotchka," the picture that satirized the Soviet Union.

FROM AN ARTICLE on Palestine in the *Pilot*, an anti-Semitic paper published in Minneapolis: "They [the Jews] have cultivated the tomato so assiduously that they send theirs to market a month earlier than do the Arab farmers. . . . Just like the Jew! In 1933, in spite of the two great American grapefruit areas, they sold to our Canadian cousins 400,000 cases of seedless Judean grapefruit, thus beating us at our own game. Just like the Jew!" The article, incidentally, is by Colonel F. J. Miles, secretary of the Russian Missionary Society in London, who is now writing and lecturing in this country.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT in La Follette's *Progressive:* "Gift for the Children? A Book, 'The Little Red Hen and Her Cooperative,' by K. B. Stockton. . . ."

ON THE JANICULUM HILL in Rome stands a statue of Garibaldi astride a horse. According to a story in an English magazine, some Italian who remembered how the great patriot had helped drive the Austrians from Italy scrawled the words "Scendi, Peppine! Son tornati!" on the base of the statue. In other words, "Get down, Joe, they're here again."

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in November goes to S. D. of New York City for his story about the former fascist who was employed, and recently fired, by the Office of War Information, published November 28.*]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Microcosm of War

LOVE AGAINST HATE. By Karl Menninger. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE intellectual history of our times may some day be written in terms of the case for Freud versus the case for Marx. Or rather, to put it more accurately, Freud and Marx are more and more clearly emerging as typical representatives of the most significantly contrasting attempts to understand the human world in terms of two fundamental assumptions, each of which is more inclusive and more momentous than either Marxism or Freudianism considered as a specific doctrine. Perhaps it is not quite absolutely the case of the individual versus the group, or of consciousness versus the dialectic of external events beyond human control, for both admit that groups are composed of individuals, and all but the most absolute of Marxians talk and act as though there were some point in urging the workmen of the world to unite—which there would not be unless workmen *could* do something about uniting. But it *is* the fundamental question of cart and horse, of which end we should begin with in the attempt either to understand a phenomenon or, even more importantly, to control or modify it. The old cliché which affirms that all men are either Platonists or Aristotelians whether they know it or not is hardly more true than the statement that all are similarly either Marxians or Freudians—provided of course that these two philosophers are taken to represent, as the two ancient ones were, the most fundamental and inclusive of their respective premises.

It is, furthermore, worth remarking that Freudianism is, among other things, one of the last stands of free will, even though the concept of the subconscious may seem to be one more attack upon it. Freudianism certainly does tend to emphasize the difficulty man has in establishing his claim to be a reasoning animal. The Rational Will which some philosophers have imagined sitting in serene sovereignty inside the human skull is a sadly badgered monarch as Freud understands him. On too many—perhaps on most—of the occasions when he thinks he is giving orders, he is really following the insidiously whispered suggestions of the Subrational Will, which is itself so far from being free that all sorts of primitive drives and infantile conditionings dominate it. What, in other words, Aristotle calls the vegetative part of human nature is a far larger part than most who pin their faith on man's rationality like to admit. But even the Subrational Will is at least in some sense human; it has its seat in the human being and is not, like the dialectic of events, outside him. The subconscious, at least, is not a mere epi-phenomenon and hence merely an effect, not a cause, of anything. But this is not all, for even the Freudian therapeutic process comes finally to the point where it makes an appeal to the consciousness of the patient and bids him exercise his Rational Will to make a choice which will determine a line of conduct. Thus Freudianism in the end insists that man is, or at least sometimes may be, both a rational animal and an animal which, by willing, can make some change both in himself and in the world he lives in.

Something of all this—or at least the starting-point of these reflections—is suggested in the first chapter of Dr. Menninger's book, which begins with a reference to the parlous state of the world and to the common assumption that either mechanical civilization is wrecking itself or a sick social system has produced sick men. Dr. Menninger then asks, apparently with full awareness how unpopular the implication of an affirmative answer would be, "Is it possible that human phenomena can all be related to human beings"; that "the disease of the world is the disease of the human personality"; that "the World War of today is a reflection of multiple miniature wars in the hearts of individuals"? And it would be, of course, possible to put his questions in an even more inclusive form. So far as the popular mind is concerned, Marxism may be said, I think, to have won the most crucial of its battles. Most of even the least philosophical of citizens probably now take it for granted that men are what they are because of the kind of society in which they live. But it is still at least possible to reverse the proposition, still at least possible to ask if society is not what it is because of the kind of men who make it.

I cannot but wish that Dr. Menninger had developed his implied thesis more fully. Perhaps he is interested merely in suggesting it as a justification for the more technical and minute investigation of certain aspects of the individual psyche with which his book is concerned. In any event he immediately proceeds to a series of largely self-contained chapters devoted to an analysis of the problems presented by the conflict between love and hate in the individual man. Freud, he points out, originally assumed that there was only one human drive, which he called the libido and which, despite all the popular misunderstanding, included vastly more than the mere physiological urge of sex. But Freud himself later replaced this monism by a dualism. The aggressive impulse, he declared, is as fundamental as the libido; love and hate are two equally primary and equally important emotions. Each has its function, but the adjustment between them is seldom perfect. Each is easily diverted from its proper objects. We love what from even the standpoint of individual biological advantage we ought not to love, and, similarly, hate can be so misdirected as to choose even the self as its object.

Dr. Menninger's chapters are concerned with various types of destructive conflict between love and hate in the individual and with the methods by which they may sometimes be resolved. And though a review can hardly hope even to summarize a discourse necessarily detailed and discursive, at least two things need to be said. Dr. Menninger finds the source of the conflicts to be often sexual and usually to arise out of childhood experiences. But he neither reduces all maladjustment to sexual maladjustment nor offers the simple solutions which Freudians are commonly charged with offering.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Angela Thirkell of Stalky & Co.

MARLING HALL. By Angela Thirkell. Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50.

ANGELA THIRKELL, prolific chronicler of life in Barsetshire, continues her literary love affair with the English upper classes. Like the other volumes in her Barsetshire cycle, "Marling Hall" concentrates on a single household, but once again we meet the Grahams, Leslies, and Crawleys of Mrs. Thirkell's previous novels; her cast of characters is as familiar as her plots or her anatomy of good family. Here again are those sterling middle-aged women of such gentility and wisdom, so devoted to their families and the local choral society, and her men so strong on duty and the decencies; there is even the usual younger daughter with a morbid interest in pregnant cows. "Marling Hall" is Mrs. Thirkell's third novel since the war. The Marlings are making genuine sacrifices for their country: one son is in service, and a son-in-law has already been killed in action. But as might be expected, it is with the threats to security on the home front that Mrs. Thirkell is mainly concerned.

There are, for instance, the secretaries and typists in one of the local government offices of whom Oliver Marling marvels, "as so many others have marveled, at the gulf which was set between himself and his friends and what were at the present moment the actual pillars, if not the saviors, of society." Mrs. Thirkell complains that "the rationing of petrol, more stringent and rightly so, cut people off from most of their friends, while the 600 highly paid men and girls employed at the aeroplane reconditioning works . . . were driven in motor coaches to and from their work over distances varying from five hundred yards to a mile and a half every day, besides being driven over to Barchester to the cinema every week at their employers' expense." There are the Marling servants who insist upon roast beef for Sunday dinner while the family is reduced to pigeon. There are the evacuated, the war's sternest duty, of whose children Mrs. Thirkell writes:

> "And that," said David, "is the Brave New World."
>
> Mrs. John Leslie said it was so nice to have those poor bombed children at the class and it was a great thing for their own children to mix with all kinds while they were too young to know the difference.
>
> "No, Mary," said David. "You may have married my elder brother, but as he is not here I am going to say that you are talking nonsense. If your children don't know the difference between those two girls and Clarissa, it's time you took them to a mental specialist."

Advertised as a pleasant bundle of froth, in reality Angela Thirkell is quite a grim little person. For all her gentle voice, she is one of the great haters of contemporary fiction. She hates sex, the movies, and the lower classes, except an occasional half-wit mechanic. The cousin of Rudyard Kipling, she hates "natives" and foreigners; she hates servants, except the governess who can frighten the grown son of a peer by asking him if his hands are clean. She hates writers, except the ubiquitous Mrs. Morland, created in her own image. Despite the fact that there runs through Mrs. Thirkell's books an amiable inanity—"daftness" is the word most recently used to describe it—which has be-

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come her trademark, she knows exactly where she stands and what she is about. Daftness is a characteristic only of the upper classes and a leit-motif for virtue, disguising but never hiding Mrs. Thirkell's opinions and prejudices; it is a disarming device for persuading us that a powerful class of grown men and women—England's upper middle class, gentry, and minor aristocracy—are lovable children. And of course, on the level of feeling, especially of sexual feeling, Mrs. Thirkell's characters are, heaven knows, childish enough. There is the older Marling girl, for example, whose husband has been killed before Dunkirk; assessing her bereavement, she remarks to her reflection in the mirror: "But there one is, alone, and it seems so silly to be a widow; the sort of thing other people are, not oneself. Oh, dear. Well, there it is"; to which Mrs. Thirkell adds, approving the good sense, "with which philosophy she went down to breakfast." On the level of conduct and opinion, however, so much retarded growth sounds a malign note.

In each of her novels Mrs. Thirkell hunts the current menace to the tranquillity of her heroes and heroines; plus an attenuated love story this usually constitutes her plot. The menace may be the Jew (the Warburys of "Cheerfulness Breaks In") or a pretty Irish girl (Miss Grey of "High Rising"); more often it is the intellectual, so easily identified by his bad manners and his fondness for Russia. In "Marling Hall" Mrs. Thirkell is stalking a young poet with long hair; at the end of the book the poet goes back where he came from—Bloomsbury—and civilization is once more safe in Barsetshire. Against the intellectual, whose books sell only in the hundreds, Mrs. Thirkell likes to set Mrs. Morland, whose books sell in the thousands.

And Angela Thirkell's own books sell in the thousands; no one will ever accuse her of being an intellectual. But perhaps it is just because she is so popular a writer, with a wide English audience and a growing audience in America, that she earns a certain social consideration beyond her literary merits.

DIANA TRILLING

Rule by the Reichswehr

WORLD IN TRANCE: FROM VERSAILLES TO PEARL HARBOR. By Leopold Schwarzschild. Translated by Norbert Guterman. L. B. Fischer. $3.50.

LIBERAL, cosmopolitan, and unimpressed by sacred cows, *Das Tagebuch* was one of the publications of the Weimar Republic which the Nazis had in mind when they spoke of *Kulturbolschewismus*. The term was hazy and therefore a favorite with the Nazis. What else could they have called *Das Tagebuch?* It was impossible to brand it as Socialist, Marxist, or something even worse because it obviously owed no allegiance to any party, organization, or dogma, and the talented pen of its editor, Leopold Schwarzschild, attacked with equal gusto the provincialism of the German left and the bad faith of the right. *Das Tagebuch* endeavored to make "good Europeans" out of the republic's intelligentsia and to teach them the political savoir faire of the Western world. It championed reconciliation with the Allies and political rapprochement with France; it believed in the capitalist system and hated militarism and reaction, particularly the German variety. Taking seriously the right of democratic control over the nation's armed forces, it was a thorn in the side of the Reichswehr and its political protectors.

When Hitler moved into the Wilhelmstrasse, Schwarzschild moved to Paris and edited *Das Neue Tagebuch*. That he undertook the publication of a German weekly in exile reflects his hope for German democracy. Week after week *Das Neue Tagebuch* analyzed the progress of Hitler's feverish war preparations, warning and imploring the statesmen of France and England to act before it was too late.

From the shores of America, Schwarzschild, the good European, now looks back at the two accursed decades from Versailles to Pearl Harbor, takes stock, and decides that he has had enough. He is tired of pleading with the Germans to become democratic, he is equally fed up with the idealists, dreamers, and utopians of the Western world and with their fetishes—equal rights for all, self-determination, general disarmament, and democracy.

The thesis of his book, monumental in its simplicity, is that a group of German army officers and their satellites, superbly equipped, trained, and determined, really have ruled Germany whatever her political trimmings; that there never was democracy in Germany; that the Weimar Republic was put over on the Allies as a conspiracy of the whole nation to escape punishment; that the few clear-sighted statesmen at Versailles were steam-rollered by the lofty dreamers of a new era, dupes of German propaganda, who wasted the fruits of victory and frustrated all attempts to secure peace by eliminating the one and only cause of war. Once saved and still intact, Germany's superior resources of raw material and man-power, developed with the assistance of American capital and vigorously exploited by its militaristic rulers, were bound to change the European balance of power in its favor. France's fall was sealed long before the German divisions broke through its military defenses.

In Schwarzschild's guided tour through the long gallery of democratic leaders the pictures of two men dominate—Clemenceau and Poincaré. They knew then, as the author now knows, that the problem of peace was the problem of French security and that its solution demanded guaranties other than pacts and promises. Amputation of German territory, unrelenting watch over its demilitarization, compulsion whenever necessary to enforce the will of the victors, and superior military power—this was the rock on which to build a lasting house of peace. Wilson, the doctrinaire pacifist, spoiled their plans at the Peace Conference, and the naive visionaries of the decent countries forced their nations down the road to appeasement, weakness, and disaster.

Schwarzschild, a well-informed man and a keen analyst of political events, must have labored untiringly, selecting, omitting, and forgetting, before he had the history of these years stripped to the bone. He seems somewhat uneasy himself about his monolithic approach and tries to defend it by a set of philosophical premises which are, if nothing else, surprising in his mouth. "Mankind and human communities change their essential nature in the course of thousands of years as little as the wolf and the pack of wolves or the sheep or the herd of sheep change theirs." In "Mein Kampf" Hitler uses the same argument to discourage the hope of the German people for peace and international cooperation. The

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difference between Schwarzschild and Hitler is in the role they assign to the wolves and the sheep. The author also brushes aside all thought of a possible connection between economic, social, and political developments. In order to function well, the capitalist system needs political stability; and political stability makes for a smooth-running capitalist system. This is the only interdependence Schwarzschild would grant the social utopians. Peace and a strong hand to preserve it—and everything else can be solved.

Do not the experiences of the past bear him out? After years of fruitless negotiations Poincaré invaded the Ruhr and refused to budge in the face of British pressure and German passive resistance. Result: Stresemann had to capitulate and an era of prosperity opened for all, including Germany. "If the lesson had been understood and taken to heart, the relatively golden age that began immediately after the German capitulation in the Ruhr conflict and lasted for six years might have lasted for sixty." Again, when Brüning shook the political stability of Europe by negotiating the *Anschluss*, the resulting economic disasters were immediate and world-wide. "March, 1931: the customs union. May: the [bank] crash in Austria. July: the crash in Germany. September: the crash in England. The effect of the 'active revisionist policy' was the bankruptcy that circled the world, bringing confusion and disintegration." On an earlier page Schwarzschild also mentions casually that "one memorable day in October, 1929, the bottom dropped out of the New York Stock Exchange and the world was thrown into chaos."

It is easy but pointless to make a case, Schwarzschild vs. Schwarzschild, to oppose ideas expressed in *Das Tagebuch* to those in "World in Trance." The erstwhile spokesman for liberal Germans and their dupes in France, England, and America has found new hope in the company of Vansittart and his "Black Record." KARL BILLINGER

Success Story

THE MAN WHO MADE NEWS: JAMES GORDON BENNETT. By Oliver Carlson. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.50.

MR. CARLSON'S life of the founder of the New York *Herald* illustrates very well how difficult it is for us to have outstanding men as we would like them to be. To E. L. Godkin, James Gordon Bennett was a "Scotch blackguard." At the same time, as Mr. Carlson relates, Henry J. Raymond of the New York *Times* "expressed the feelings of all his fellow editors when he remarked, 'It would be worth my while, sir, to give a million dollars, if the Devil would come and tell me every evening, as he does Bennett, what the people of New York would like to read about next morning.'"

The author lists no fewer than thirteen journalistic innovations, including the newspaper interview and the financial section, which Bennett independently invented or largely developed. Here, obviously, was no slight man. The fact that his growth took place in an environment of journalistic muck which he helped create is relevant but not decisive. Bennett was an editor in an era which produced such giants as Greeley of the *Tribune*, William Cullen Bryant of the

Free Churchill Pamphlet

The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A huge audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from production equipment to ground values. (See Christian Century, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toil and skill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

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Post, James Watson Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer,* and Raymond. Yet Mr. Carlson, who has studied the great newspapermen of the 1830's and 1840's is convinced that Bennett was "the greatest single generator of journalistic progress in this country, if not in the world." He makes out a strong case for this belief.

How did it happen that a Scotch boy who was something of a scholar, and idealist enough to come to America because he wanted "to see the place where Franklin was born," should have become the symbol of everything that was gross and sensational in American journalism? It makes a long story, as it is told here, and the answer depends partly upon the reader. Mr. Carlson has evidently tried to make his biography as definitive as possible. It is a tribute to his style that even the palpable research—that having to do with Bennett's obscure years, for example—is thoroughly readable.

Bennett was a typical American success. It took three journalistic failures for him to discover his formula: political independence (of no principled variety), newsworthiness, and entertainment. When one remembers that Bennett was pro-slavery actually up to the moment of the Civil War, and just as indiscriminate in what he printed as his worst enemies charged, one sees difficulties for his biographer. Mr. Carlson has not avoided them. But it is impossible not to be impressed by a man who could, in his own newspaper, print accounts of the public beatings he received from outraged citizens. Moreover, Bennett's course during the Civil War compensated for a good deal that was unsavory in his career.

The similarities between Bennett and Hearst are so striking that one cannot help wishing that Mr. Carlson had seen fit to consider them. Anyone who has read the biography of Hearst by Mr. Carlson and the late Ernest Sutherland Bates, and read also Mrs. Fremont Older's friendly version of the same career, would have appreciated such an analysis. For somewhere in the lives of men like these is the secret—or at least part of the secret—of our American character. After all, it was the people who made Bennett: they enabled him several times to defeat crusades to smash the *Herald* and himself; and they did this simply by buying his paper.

Some day, perhaps, we shall understand better than we now do why America has produced so many Bennetts. But we shall understand it because of such painstaking studies as the present one, in which the author sees his picture broadly and can take his protagonist for what he was rather than for what he would have liked him to be. LOUIS FILLER

Patents for Monopoly

PATENTS FOR HITLER. By Guenter Reimann. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

MONOPOLY capitalism struggles on all fronts to survive the economic changes and crises of our age. In Germany monopoly backed Hitler against democracy, the progressive middle class, and labor, and was then mastered by the Nazis and used as an instrument of state tyranny and aggression. In the United States monopoly has sought to protect itself against the competition of new industrial techniques—light metals, synthetics, and plastics—to preserve old capital investments and markets. To accomplish their defensive purposes American private-monopoly corporations worked with German state-monopoly corporations which were being used by Hitler to wage economic war against the world while preparing for military war.

The significant story is told absorbingly in this book. Its facts are gathered from hearings of the Senate Patents Committee, the Truman committee, and other Congressional investigations, and from the work of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice under Thurman Arnold. The facts are clarified, organized, and presented in a pattern which should be understood by all persons interested in democratic reconstruction. Patents and patent pools and agreements are the primary means used by American monopoly to protect its investments, profits, and power. They are used to circumvent the anti-trust laws. And they are used to control in favor of monopoly interests the introduction of new industrial techniques. Monopoly corporations buy up patents, they get patents on their own research discoveries, they pile patent upon patent—not to *use* the new techniques but to prevent their use by competitors.

In order to carry out this defensive policy our private monopolies entered into patent cartel agreements with the state monopolies of Germany. But German monopoly corporations were animated by the aggressive purposes of their master, the Nazi state; so while the agreements placed no restrictions on the development of light metals, synthetics, and plastics in Germany *they curbed the advance of the new industrial techniques in the United States.* Standard Oil of New Jersey made agreements with the I. G. Farbenindustrie to protect itself from synthetic-oil competition and to monopolize the production of synthetic rubber—against the interests of the American people. Alcoa and Dow Chemical pooled their magnesium patents and agreed to limit production of magnesium so that Alcoa could sell its aluminum, and then made agreements with German Nazi interests to insure limitation of magnesium sales in this country—against the interests of the American people. Similar restrictive agreements with German corporations were made to restrict production of tungsten-carbide steel, of Plexiglas and other plastics, of military optical glass—against the interests of the American people. It is a sordid story of greed and callous indifference to the economic welfare of the country by the administrative masters of monopoly—of economic states within the state—who are not interested in production but in corporate and personal power. The result was that while production of the new materials boomed in Germany, production was stationary or merely crawled upward in the United States, creating serious shortages of strategic materials that still hamper our war effort.

This book should be read for its facts alone. But Guenter Reimann has done more than simply clarify and organize the facts. He makes a number of suggestive analyses of the nature of monopoly capitalism and of the impact of the new Industrial Revolution on our future. The techniques that are being developed by this revolution are changing the nature of our economic order and of reconstruction, while most economists still ponder the old textbooks and most liberals still think of reconstruction as a projection of trends arising out of the technical-economic structure created by the old Industrial Revolution. LEWIS COREY

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DRAMA

Caribbean Frolic

IT MAY, I think, be taken safely for granted that no great strain was imposed on the talents of S. N. Behrman when he adapted "The Pirate" (Martin Beck Theater) from the German of Ludwig Fulda. Being unfamiliar with the original, I cannot say in what spirit its author treated his fanciful tale, but in Mr. Behrman's version it becomes a harmlessly naughty bit of romantic fluff strongly suggestive of the libretto for a comic opera and intended merely to provide an extravagant romp for Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne. The scene is an unnamed island in the West Indies; the chief characters are a bored wife, a dull husband, and a romantic mountebank who wins both the heart and the hand of the wife by posing as a famous pirate in disguise, though he knows all the time that the dull husband is himself no other than that same pirate now living in stupid retirement. Some highly picturesque costumes and a series of mockingly stylized settings emphasize the playful unreality of a whole which the Lunts manage to keep animated and alive. Without them it would be nothing; with them it is quite good fun.

No other currently popular performers on the legitimate stage have carried quite so far as they have a tendency which we take for granted in the stars of vaudeville or the revue and to which all popular favorites are somewhat prone—the tendency, I mean, to be themselves, or at least their stage selves, no matter what roles they may ostensibly be playing. Nobody supposes that Charlie Chaplin will be anything except Charlie Chaplin or that the chief purpose of anything written for him will be other than to provide some occasions for him to be just that, and the Lunts are almost as frankly the Lunts no matter what fancy dress they may assume or what plot they may be romping through. Their admirers would feel cheated if sufficient illusion were ever created to make one forget who the performers are, and the play tends to become a sort of charade rather than actually a play. When performers happen to have as much virtuosity as the Lunts have, when their "line" is as good as theirs, this kind of joke can be an amusing one, as in "The Pirate" it is; but the joke does consist in the fact that when Mr. Lunt, pretending to be a pirate, walks a tight rope into the bedroom of Miss Fontanne, pretending to be a sorely tempted wife, everybody is perfectly well aware that it *is* Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne, that they are really most respectably married, and that this same scene has been acted before in "The Guardsman" and "Reunion in Vienna," to mention only two of many occasions. Perhaps it is all something like the Commedia del Arte and the eternally recurring loves of Harlequin, Pantalone, and Columbine. In any event I think it is true to say, with no disparagement intended, that neither Mr. Lunt nor Miss Fontanne ever plays a part in a comedy. In the present instance the one does not play the role of a vagabond or the other the role of a bored wife. Mr. Lunt plays Mr. Lunt in the role of a vagabond; Miss Fontanne plays Miss Fontanne in the role of a bored wife.

"The Great Big Doorstep" (Morosco Theater) is taken from last year's amusing regional novel of the same name and deals with the comic misadventures besetting a family of amiably indolent Cajuns. There were probably insuperable difficulties in the way of making a thoroughly satisfactory play out of an episodic and atmospheric novel, but Dorothy Gish as the hard-pressed mother does a good deal to make "The Great Big Doorstep" an entertaining evening.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

COROT: Loan Exhibition. At Wildenstein's, until December 12.

This exhibit covers every phase of the artist's career, more than fifty works being shown, many of them masterpieces. Corot was the last great academic painter, and there have been very few painters more fully in possession of their craft. Even his poorest work is solidly accomplished. That of his latest period has been unjustly depreciated since the acceptance of modernism, although his early landscapes and his figure pieces have gained esteem. Yet as time passes and one sees more and more pictures, the landscapes of the later period begin to recover some of their lost reputation. They have certain generic faults, but anyone not blinded by the *Zeitgeist* can see that they are first-class painting nevertheless. True, subject and handling are repeated over and over, but the gray light, the diaphanous foliage, and the unfailing dot or blob of red in the foreground are a scheme for variations, not a sure-fire formula. Like a symbolist poet, Corot does not try to create a specific world but rather to awaken in the spectator limitless associations, muting the contrasts of light and dark lest things become too definite. Myopia, the influence of photography, and that of impressionism have been variously offered as explanations of his latest manner, but they all seem beside the point; which is to be found in Corot's own development.

CÉZANNE: Loan Exhibition. At Paul Rosenberg's, until December 12.

Cézanne's insights have become so much a dimension of all painting now and provided food for so many epigones that it is difficult as yet to appreciate him properly. It is also the misfortune of a great artist to set standards in his very best work from which one cannot escape in judging the rest. There are three *consummated* masterpieces at this show—"Le Château Noir," which, as the catalogue says, is truly sublime, "Portrait de Madame Cézanne," and the still-life "Pichet et Fruits." Other remarkable canvases are to be seen—"Garcon au Gilet Rouge," "Mont Ste. Victoire," the Museum of Modern Art's "Nature Morte," "Madame Cézanne dans la Serre," "Chemin Sous-Bois," "Vase de Fleurs et Pommes," and one or two more—but compared to the first three, they all become problematical. The fact is that much of even the best of Cézanne's art seems unconsummated. Pictures filled with superb passages such as would by themselves earn any painter a great reputation fail somehow to coagulate, and remain instances of great painting rather than great paintings. Lacking the simultaneous unity and diversity and the inextricability of part from part of realized wholes, they miss that final perfection which, for example, so many of Renoir's little landscapes had. In a way, Cézanne was too far ahead of his time; as has been demonstrated perhaps by Vlaminck, Derain, and Dunoyer de Segonzac, who went back of the master to work fields which he had stopped at only long enough to survey. And the problem which preoccupied Cézanne—that of translating volume and distance to a flat surface without denying its flatness,

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solved by substituting accumulated brush strokes of comparatively pure color, distortion, and geometrical simplification for atmospheric tone and chiaroscuro—this problem so absorbed him in the means that he would too often lose sight of the end, his own emotion. The result, examined square inch by square inch or part by part, would display miracles of brushwork, but when contemplated as a whole there would be something wooden or lacking in modulation about it. But Cézanne's achievement was so far-reaching and subtle that it is necessary to emphasize reservations in order to define it. This, incidentally, is an extraordinarily rich show.

EILSHEMIUS: Paintings. At Durand-Ruel Galleries, until December 12.

Most of these pictures date from the last ten years of the painter's active career, a period in which almost everything depended upon the mustard yellow that was during this time Eilshemius's version of sunlight. There are four successful paintings here—"South Sea Island," "Farewell to the Sun," "The Last Sunlight," and "Autumn" (No. 15)—but in the reviewer's opinion they are not his best, and the others all seem rather weak. Eilshemius was one of the best painters we have had, but he painted many boring pictures. In his catalogue notes Professor Venturi rejects as nonsense the suggestion of an affinity between Eilshemius and Rousseau Douanier. The pertinacious professor is right as far as their art in and of itself is concerned. But it is worth considering that both artists were indeed a little bit mad; both wanted to paint academically; both showed real facility at times (Eilshemius in the beginning, Rousseau at various moments between 1885 and 1891); and neither, in spite of himself, did paint academically. For which we are thankful.

WILFREDO LAM: Gouaches. At Pierre Matisse's, until December 5.

With gouache this Cuban painter achieves the boldness of oil. He has an idiom all his own, when he manages to escape Picasso—an abstract treatment of floral and animal motifs against dun and light-gray backgrounds, derived apparently from Amerindian art. Lam draws with a great deal of flair. But all is ruined—in some pictures by a straining after bravura effects, by showy motions, in others by obsessive rhythms and the inability to be more than decorative. And in two instances the artist's reliance upon Picasso for ideas is so great as to be parody. Yet something may come of it. Lam has a gift but doesn't seem to know what to do with it. The painting in ink-red which he showed at the recent Surrealist exhibition is far better than any here.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has achieved one of its occasional successes in recording an orchestral performance in its December set (506, $5.78) of Strauss's "Don Quixote" played by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony and with Piatigorsky as solo cellist: the sound that comes off the records is remarkable in its fidelity to timbre, its spaciousness, its clarity and cleanness of definition. The work is Strauss's masterpiece—in which, however, as I have pointed out before, the programmatic detail is so rich and at times so subtly achieved that some of the numerous points can be appreciated only by a person with musical sophistication and detailed knowledge of the score. Reiner lingers over points too much; the work therefore moves too slowly and ponderously, with sudden erratic bursts of speed that are characteristic of Reiner; and equally characteristic is Piatigorsky's distortion of the phrases which Feuermann plays with unerring sense for plastic coherence in the excellent Ormandy-Philadelphia Orchestra performance.

On the other hand the sound of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter as recorded in Columbia's set (525, $3.68) of Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 is noisily unclear in its voluminousness, and occasionally wooden. The third movement, taken at a slower pace than in Toscanini's recent recorded performance, is effective; and its horn solo is played more beautifully than by the N. B. C. Symphony man. But the other movements, as Walter plays them, are relaxed to the point of being slack and nerveless.

If I haven't discussed jazz records since February it is because so few of the kind I'm interested in have even been issued. I have enjoyed Charlie Shavers's trumpet-playing and the ensembles in the Sidney Bechet-New Orleans Feetwarmers "Georgia Cabin" and "I'm Coming, Virginia" (Victor 27904), and would like Bechet's own playing if he were not doing it on a soprano saxophone. The solo work in "The 'C' Jam Blues" (Victor 27856) makes this one of the good Ellington Orchestra performances for me, and one which I like better than the Barney Bigard small-band performance, titled "'C' Blues" (Bluebird 11581). The Ellington Orchestra "Perdido" (Victor 27880) is fair.

Columbia's set "Teddy Wilson and His Piano" (C-93, $2.63) contains four records, on each of which Wilson plays alone on one side and with rhythm accompaniment on the other. The songs that he does alone—"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (36631), "These Foolish Things" (36632), "I Can't Get Started" (36633), "Body and Soul" (36634)—he takes at a slow pace which allows an over-indulgence, for my ears, in luxuriant and meaningless passagework in the right hand and lush ninth chords in the left. Playing with the others Wilson is at once restrained and stimulated—which is to say that he plays, in the faster tempo, more simply but with something like the life and the inventive imagination of seven or eight years back. Good are "I Know That You Know" (36632) and "China Boy" (36634); better still are "Rosetta" (36632) and "Them There Eyes" (36631).

Mel Powell's piano-playing on two Commodore records (543 and 544) is excitingly brilliant, intricate, and subtle; but the men who play with him are mediocre and dull. Of the four performances—"When Did You Leave Heaven?" and "Blue Skies" (543), "Mood at Twilight" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" (544)—the last is the best.

But the best performances of all that I have heard recently are in Decca's "Gems of Jazz—Volume 5" (Set A-324, $3.15). First "The Blues Jumped a Rabbit" (18439), recorded for English Parlophone in 1936 by Jimmy Noone and a Chicago group; then "Georgia Cake Walk" and "Liberty Inn Drag" (18437), recorded last March by a specially assembled group headed by Art Hodes; then "Original Dixieland One-Step" (18441), recorded for English Parlophone in 1936 by Jimmy McPartland and another Chicago group, the Art Hodes "Get Happy" (18438), and the Jimmy Noone "'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" (18440). In addition, it has been a pleasure to hear Jess Stacy's piano-playing again in the Bob Crosby Orchestra "Brass Boogie" (Decca 18359) and the Crosby Bobcats "Sweethearts on Parade" (Decca 18355).

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Strategy of Terror. By Edmond Taylor. 1942 revised edition. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

English Social History. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green. $4.50.

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Masters of English Literature. Edited by Paul Spencer Woor with the assistance of Evelyn Mae Boyd. Macmillan. Vol. I. $3.25.

The Wisdom of China and India. Edited by Lin Yutang. Random House. $3.95.

NEWS FLASH!

LORD BYRON LENDS METRE TO *The Saturday Review of* LITERATURE!

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,"
Those long-ago lines are as Lord Byron wrote them.
For Christmas in Wartime, allow me to quote them.

Our hearts have swelled high till they threatened to crack a rib,
We've vowed to destruction the hordes of Sennacherib;
But in time of confusion we'd best keep informed
Or the Foe may creep in through the ramparts they stormed.

There is more to a War than mere shooting and slaying.
That Words fight as Armies there's now no gainsaying!
One trustworthy guide, at this point, I may mention
That brings all good books to your serious attention.

Through its news and reviews it conveys every week
The knowledge you search for, the wisdom you seek,
The lift of the spirit that men so desire
When all Earth seems racked between famine and fire.

Indeed nothing new is this story I tell
To veteran readers of the old *S.R.L.*
I don't have to boast, for they know I speak true.
I'm wishing the same Merry Christmas to you!

And, if you'd insure it, who hark to my ditty,
Just print out quite plainly your NAME, STREET, and CITY,
Or send to a friend (where a real need is due)
A year's fifty gifts in *The Saturday Review!*

We're all in this fight, and we're going to win it,
And win the Peace, after—for that's why we're in it.
Judge men and events by the best being writ
And a highly intelligent judgment of it!

Thus all through the year you will keep on your toes
Confounding, with Freedom, the wiles of our foes.
Till—as Byron foretold—with their false hoods abhorred
They have "melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"

William Rose Benét

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Letters to the Editors

Shadow on Central Europe

Dear Sirs: Now we cannot lose the war any more. The United States has taken on a recruiting officer whose name alone is irresistible. Now men will stream to the colors of Uncle Sam like wild bees to a honey tree—or will they not?

Is the flag of the United States, or the democracy it stands for, not good enough? Since when does this republic need the services of the descendant of St. Stephen and Charles V—Archduke Francis Joseph Otto, Prince of Hapsburg and Lorraine, pretender to the (non-existing) throne of Austria and Hungary?

We do not yet know whether the action of the War Department in accepting the services of Otto as recruiter of an "Austrian battalion" will finally be viewed as a shattering blow to democracy throughout Europe, as an invitation for a giant civil war in Europe, or only as a joke history will laugh tears about. We do know that the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Yugoslavs, and Free Italians have protested vigorously against it and that all Austrians, wherever they are, feel as if they had been hit on the head. While Darlan is supposed to be only a temporary expedient, Otto's shadow now falls on the future of Central Europe. We can hardly expect any Austrian, Pole, or Yugoslav to risk his life against Hitler when we promise him Otto in exchange.

If the two brothers, Otto and Felix, are merely refugees, as Secretary of State Hull declared, why are they not in the army? They are not married, and they support only their claims. Perhaps this is another "Riddle of the State Department."

H. FELIX KRAUS

New York, December 2

"Daily News" Please Note

Dear Sirs: The People's Voice column of the *Daily News* of November 20 printed the following letter, in which the writer dug up some old and often refuted lies and added a few new ones about the Abraham Lincoln Brigade:

JAKE HAS A PLAN

Brooklyn: What has become of the Abraham Stalin-oops Lincoln Brigade which once went to Spain to help the Reds burn down churches and persecute nuns and priests while its long-haired sweethearts panhandled in the subways and streets to collect funds? Have these babies volunteered to serve the United States in this war? The answer is no. Why not induct them in a body and put them in the flame-throwing squads, where they would need no additional training?

(*Signed*) JAKE THE PLUMBER

Without descending to Jake's level and solely in the interest of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and of all who fought and are still fighting fascism, I should like to present the facts:

1. The bombing of Guernica by the Hitler-Franco forces made clear to the world who was responsible for the destruction and desecration of the churches in Spain.

2. On December 8, one day after Pearl Harbor, in a communication to the President, we volunteered the services of our entire membership for combat duty.

3. More than 500 of our members are in the armed forces of the United States today—half as volunteers.

4. Since the day war broke out more than 300 of our members have been daily risking their lives on merchant ships delivering vital war goods to our troops and allies. Seven of these men we know have already lost their lives.

Five years ago we went to Spain to fight fascist world domination. We are still in the fight.

JACK BJOZE,
Executive Secretary, Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

New York, December 1

Corporations and the Public

Dear Sirs: In the suggestive article entitled New Deal for Stockholders in *The Nation* of November 21, the remedies offered do not seem to be at all commensurate with the ills of irresponsible corporation control that they seek to cure. Federal incorporation undoubtedly would help to eradicate some of the abuses inherent in state supervision, for the state governments and officials are more the handmaidens of big corporations than their supervisors. The chief point of Mr. Greenberger's article, however, is that greater democracy should be injected into corporation control by the reform of the proxy system and the establishment of regional corporate districts. This might introduce a certain measure of greater democratic control among the stockholders, but what great reforms could we await from such a development? Are the small stockholders so very much more enlightened and public-spirited than the large stockholders?

The entire approach to the consideration of corporate control must be made from a different point of view, that of the public interest. At one time concern for the small stockholder was properly more warranted. He was indispensable as the source of funds to launch and operate our great industries. Since the RFC and the New Deal, and especially since the war, the chief source of capital has been the federal government. More than ever, then, the operation of our corporations should be subject to the scrutiny of the proper public officers.

With the public interest the purpose of all corporate control and reform, the prime objectives to be sought are fair prices and continuous and full employment and production. Shifting a few proxy votes here and there in voting for directors is only scratching the surface of the problem.

PETER LIEFF

New York, December 2

Mihailovich and the Communists

Dear Sirs: Ralph Bates is right in saying in his recent article in *The Nation* (issue of November 28) that a struggle for power is raging in the mountains of Yugoslavia. He is wrong about everything else, and, I must add, most unfair to General Mihailovich. General Mihailovich is not only the commander-in-chief of the Yugoslav army and the Chetniks (or the "so-called Chetniks," as the *Daily Worker* prefers to call them); he is also the Secretary of War in the Yugoslav government. Does Mr. Bates suggest that General Mihailovich should defy both his government and his army by appeasing a group of active dissidents?

Who were the leaders who signed the famous anti-Mihailovich manifesto? They were, and Mr. Bates will not deny it, the same leaders who were violently isolationist during the brief period of Yugoslavia's struggle against the Axis. They condemned the war as an imperialist one. They maintained that the Yugoslav people had no interest in the

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war, one way or another. They became Yugoslav patriots after Hitler's invasion of Russia, but the Yugoslav people, remembering their isolationism, did not trust them.

Only after June, 1941, did the Communists (I don't like to call them "left-wingers" because no true left-winger was ever an isolationist) join the great Chetnik army. They fought under Mihailovich's command for some time, and then the trouble began. Mihailovich discharged some of his Communist officers. New guerrilla bands were then organized under the command of these officers, acting independently of the Yugoslav High Command. Slanderous articles about Draja Mihailovich began to appear in the Communist press outside Russia. Moscow, as Mr. Bates rightly declares, could not call a member of an Allied government "a man in the pay of Mussolini," but the *Daily Worker* could, and did.

Does Mr. Bates think that General Mihailovich is the one who must compromise? Does he think that General Mihailovich will perform a service to the cause of the United Nations by relinquishing his command? Does he think that the Yugoslav government ought to dismiss Mihailovich? If a group, let us say, of American Communists decided that our North African command was not doing the right thing and organized their own guerrilla forces to fight the Germans in their own way, would Mr. Bates suggest that General Eisenhower should apologize and step down?

MIKHAIL ZHELEZNOV

New York, December 4

For the Freedom of Everyone?

Dear Sirs: Wendell Willkie in his radio speech effectively dramatized the symbolic importance of India to the myriad millions of Asiatics seeking conclusive proof of the good intentions of the United Nations. But the Indian problem has ramifications in our own country which are still unknown to many.

Japanese propaganda has made much of our "peculiar problem"—the Negro—and our methods of dealing with it, methods which have been patently blundering and reactionary. Oceans of good intentions have not drowned out such flagrant examples of racial discrimination and persecution as the poll tax, lynching, Negro soldiers used as labor troops, etc. Any previous ignorance of these facts on the part of the Indians and Chinese is being rapidly dispelled by the Japanese propaganda machine. To those who say that the Japanese are exaggerating the extent of our race problem, I ask only: How much does one have to exaggerate race discrimination in this country in order to create a skeptical attitude toward our intentions in the mind of colored Asia?

In all the discussions of the abandonment of imperialism as a war aim, it should be realized that the talk is about the future relations between white and colored peoples. This is not oversimplification. The colored peoples of the world did not originate the Occidental color line, which is but the social sham covering economic exploitation.

I think the American people should be reminded that the sympathies of the American Negro at the time of the Russo-Japanese War were definitely with the Japanese, as a colored nation. I am not attacking the present patriotism of the Negro—which appears magnificent to those of us who realize how much less the Negro actually derives from our country than does the lowest white. I am stating that this war, at least in its vast Pacific and African theaters, is liable eventually to develop into a definite color conflict. Asia is on the move. This fact may be interpreted as either the first sign of the decline of the Occident or as the first step toward the inclusion of the millions of industrious, intelligent Asiatics in a planned world system in which the colonial and imperialistic designs of all nations, white or colored, will be scrapped and the interests of the common man will prevail.

Just as India is no longer Britain's problem alone, so the status of the Negro is not solely our problem. Not in a war of the scope of this one. We must decide whether or not we are fighting a war for the freedom of everyone.

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

New York, December 1

It Takes All Kinds

Dear Sirs: I note in your issue of October 31 that Will Chasan lists John E. Rankin of Mississippi among "our worst Congressmen."

When will you people of the North learn that the Negro problem is a Southern problem which you can neither understand nor assist in the solution of? I have not always agreed with Mr. Rankin on economic, labor, or social legislation, but as long as there is a necessity for resistance to the laws imposed upon us by force of arms in 1865, so long will Mississippi continue to send to Congress men who, however narrow their general outlook may be, are willing to stand against the Northern majority that would condemn the South to mongrelization.

You criticize us for our backwardness in education, labor and social legislation, industry, and agriculture. The truth is, with the pinks of the North yapping at our heels in a constant effort to force racial equality down our throats, we are engaged in such a constant fight for survival that we just can't afford liberalism. John Rankin burns me up worse than he does you when he raves and rants about "communistic" labor leaders, but I know that when Northern idiots try to turn Mississippi over to the Negro, he'll put up a fight.

F. EUGENE DUBUISSON

Long Beach, Miss., November 27

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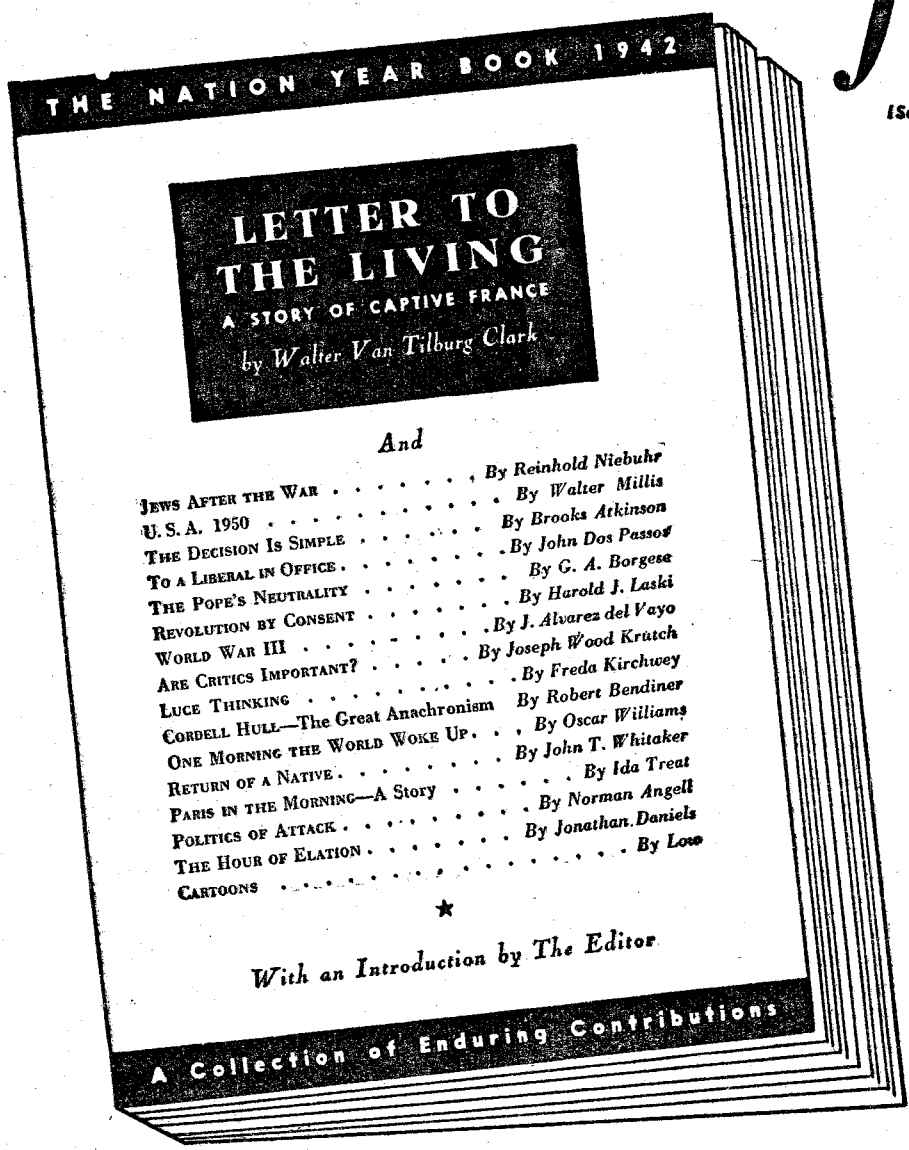
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